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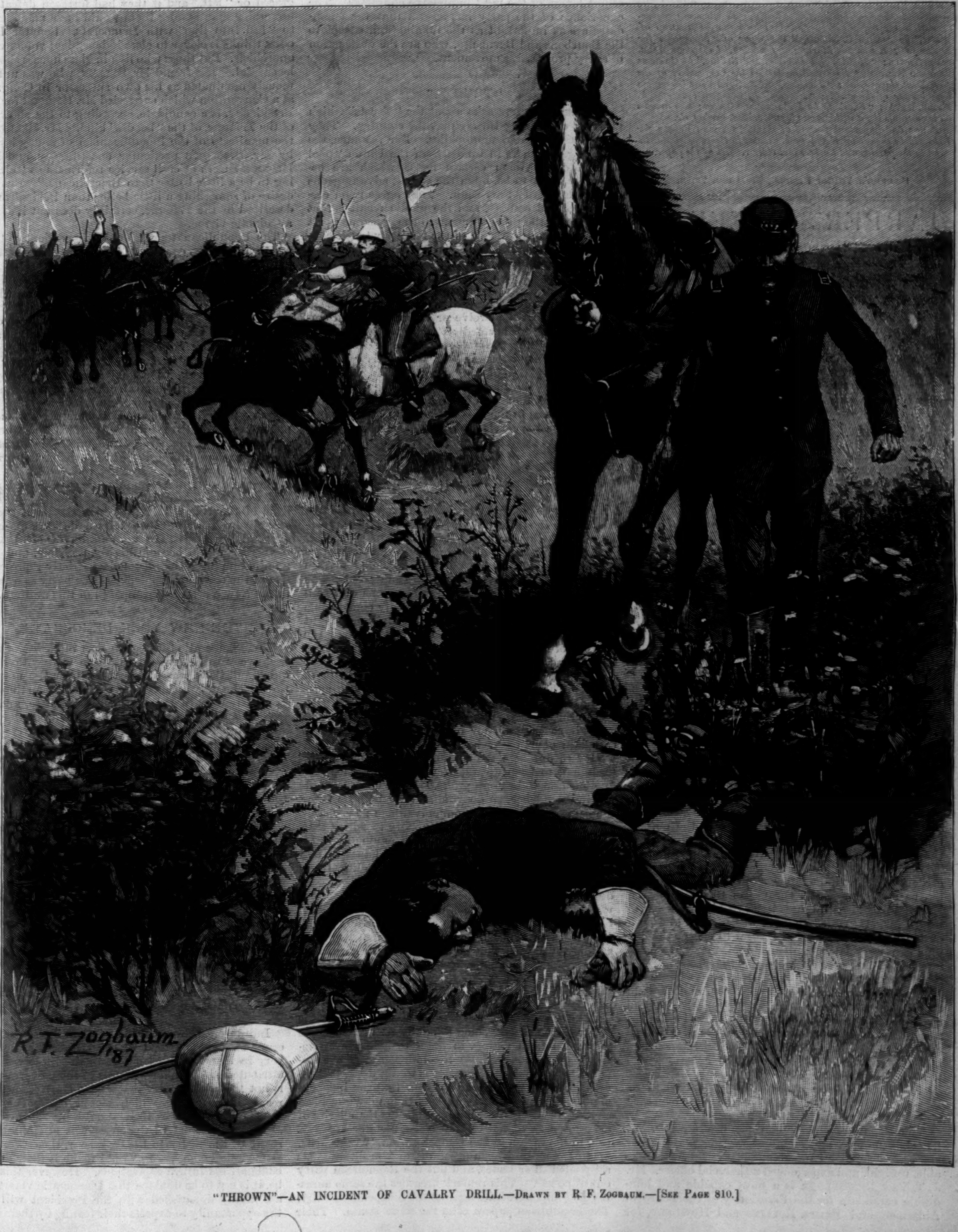

"THROWN"—AN INCIDENT OF CAVALRY DRILL.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 810.]

"The most attractive and elevating literary periodical in the world for boys and girls."—*Rev. James A. Worden, D.D.*
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Among the notable features of the new volume will be several serial stories, namely, "The New Robinson Crusoe," by William L. Alden; *"The Household of Glen Holly," by* Lucy C. Lillie; *"Uncle Peter's Trust," by* George B. Perry; *and "Betrayed by the White Elephant," by* David Ker.

Other important articles and series of articles already arranged for are "The Making of the Man," by William Blaikie, *author of "How to Get Strong," etc.—a series of five papers on the proper development of the body in boyhood; "Robert-Houdin, the French Magician" (three articles), by* Brander Matthews; *"Boyhood in Other Lands," by* Agnes Carr Sage; *"Child Life in the Old Masters," by* Theodore Child, *with numerous engravings after the old masters; "Some Inhabitants of a Drop of Water," by* Alfred C. Stokes, M.D., *author of "Microscopy for Beginners"; Heroes and Martyrs of Invention," by* George Makepeace Towle; *"Model Yacht Building and Sailing," by* Charles Ledyard Norton; *"Safe Sail-Boats," by the Commodore of the New York Canoe Club; "Jumping," by* W. Byrd Page *(champion high jumper of the world); "Fencing," by* Colonel Theodore A. Dodge, U.S.A.; *"Skating," by* J. Macdonald Oxley; *also articles on lawn-tennis (by a well-known player), cricket, rowing, etc.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, November 5, 1887.

THE NEW YORK CITY ELECTION.

THE city Republican ticket, by common consent, is the best, with the exception of the candidate for Surrogate, that has been nominated for many years. It is, as a municipal ticket should be, practically non-partisan, and the absurdity of any other kind of municipal nomination was made evident by the speeches at the Republican Convention which appealed for a strictly partisan action. Upon the other hand, the speech of Mr. Elihu Root advocating the nomination of Mr. Nicoll and of Mr. Martine was in the original Republican key. Had the spirit and purpose which Mr. Root forcibly and eloquently expressed governed the action of the Republican party, it would not have been defeated in 1884. Mr. Root's speech was so good and the action of the Convention so sensible that together they make the most hopeful incident in the Republican annals of New York since the defeat of Mr. Blaine. If they could be accepted as truly representative of the party, as undoubtedly they represent what Mr. Root wishes to be true of the party, its prospects would be very promising. There has been nothing said during the Republican canvass in the State so manly and statesman-like as the few remarks of Mr. Root at the City Convention.

Mr. Nicoll has been as plainly indicated as a candidate for the District-Attorneyship by the intelligent public sentiment of this community as Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency in 1864 by the patriotic sentiment of the country. He is known to the public wholly by his faithful and effective performance of a most important public duty under signally difficult circumstances. He has successfully prosecuted one of the most dangerous of public offenders, and the instinct of the community was to call to a still higher responsibility an officer who had done so well. Happily, also, he was unknown as a politician, and he was sought and supported for the higher position solely upon public grounds. Moreover, the opposition which the suggestion of his name aroused was the strongest possible argument for his nomination. There are opponents whose opposition is the highest credential of good character, and candidates may often be safely supported because of their opponents. Mr. Nicoll's unwillingness to allow his candidacy to injure Mr. Martine's chances was natural and honorable, and his consequent refusal to accept the Republican nomination unless Mr. Martine was also nominated has greatly increased the probability of Mr. Martine's election. The Democratic threats of future political disaster to Mr. Nicoll if he should accept the nomination were very properly despised by him. He is nominated by the most intelligent and patriotic sentiment in the city. He is opposed and denounced by the whole "boodle" interest and influence. The "pals" of the bribed Aldermen and the whole force of political corruptionists will vote against him. The citizens who are resolved to relieve the city of the foul stigma and peril of a vast system of bribery will vote for him.

The Republican candidate for Comptroller, Mr. Knox, is the very best possible selection, and the city is fortunate which can command the services of so able, upright, and experienced a financial officer. Mr. J. T. Van Rensselaer is a most capable and honorable candidate for the Presidency of the Board of Aldermen, and Messrs. Rollins and Howland, for Supreme Court Judges, are gentlemen and lawyers of the highest character and qualification; Judge Hall and Mr. Lexow, for the City Court, are their worthy companions upon the ticket. These are all candidates for whom any good citizen may be glad to vote, and the same thing is true of some of the Democratic nominations. Such nominations are due to one thing, and that is the independent spirit which has now become powerful in our politics. Sole reliance upon the party nomination has become an uncertain dependence. The character of the candidate must re-enforce the party action. There is but one way to secure good nominations, and that is to defeat bad nominations. Practical politics mean confidence in principle, in character, and honesty, and the Republican City Convention in New York has given the whole Republican party in the country an object lesson of the most impressive character. The experience of the party has shown that the candidates are as important as the nomination, except to the Bourbons and Barnacles, who are the obstruction of every progressive movement.

"TRUSTS."

A correspondent asks about the "Trusts" which are now organizing throughout the country. They are practically great monopolies. For instance, the large sugar refiners in all parts of the Union "pool their interests" upon certain terms, which are believed by them to be, upon the whole, advantageous enough to justify the action. They agree upon certain rates and courses, and the public result is that they control the price of sugar to the consumer. It is but another illustration of the tendency to the consolidation of capital, which is familiarly illustrated in the aggregation of railroad interests, and results in the development of a new and most powerful agent in modern affairs. A few weeks since, Mr. Depew, the President of the Central Railroad, was reported to have said that the twelve or fifteen thousand employés of the road voted as they pleased, and he thought that they generally or often voted for the party which he opposed. Mr. Depew is quite beyond the suspicion of unfairly influencing the vote of any man. But his remark is very suggestive.

Political committees of the Administration party have been long in the habit of levying heavy assessments upon the public employés, and of requiring their activity as well as votes at the polls. Senator Gorman's ring in Maryland extorted about $30,000 from the Federal office-holders to help carry this election, and as much more from the State and city employés, and probably the candidates upon the ring ticket gave or pledged two-thirds of their prospective salaries for the same object. It is a remorseless despotism, and whether under Republican or Democratic ascendency, the employé of the government gives and votes as he is directed. Consolidated private corporations, of course, have the same power. As Webster said, to control a man's means of livelihood is to control the man. It is easily conceivable that a corporation like the Central Railroad might say to its employés that its interests required the election of a certain candidate, and that it could not retain employés who voted against its interests. The same thing is conceivable of the Sugar Trust or of any other Trust extending over the whole country.

The chief of a trades-union conducting a strike said to the employers: "You organize a monopoly so as to have things your own way, and you cannot complain of us for trying to do the same thing. If we try to diminish the number of workmen in our trade and to keep up wages, you try to reduce production and to keep up prices. If we deny individual independence, so do you, and we both do it for the same object; that is, our advantage as a class." The Sugar Trust aims at a monopoly in sugar, as a trades-union combination aims at a monopoly in labor. The tendency is universal, and issues in one of the gravest problems of the time. Politically it organizes interests and destroys political independence. Morally it abolishes the individual self-respect which is the true basis of the state. It is a striking form of the socialism which appears in many of the tendencies of modern activity, and whose worst result is the destruction of the self-reliance which is the most precious quality in human society.

REPUBLICANS AND INDEPENDENTS.

A report from Massachusetts states that there is a disposition among some Republicans in that State to refrain from voting, in order to help the Democratic candidate, because the independents are opposed to him. The reasoning is that a decided Democratic defeat would tend to show that the independent vote is important. Hate of the mugwumps is a stronger feeling with such Republicans than desire of a large party vote. In New York, Senator Hiscock said in his speech at the Cooper Union, "Anarchists, tramps, communists, mugwumps, and prohibitionists all pooled their issues, and put the Republican party out of power." This remark breathes the same amusing and impotent spite against the independent voter. The Republican papers echo the same strain. Their constant allusion to mugwumps shows the insincerity of their professions of contempt for independent voters, and reveals their apprehension of the possible consequences of independent voting. Some of the more obtuse Republicans remark that if the Democrats should be defeated in New York at the election of next week, Republican success in the national campaign of next year would be assured, and that all mugwumps must then hasten to the Republican side or suffer defeat with the Democrats.

It seems to be impossible for minds in this condition to understand that there can be such a thing as regard for political principle and honesty and decent nominations. It is infinitely more disgraceful to vote for a disreputable candidate, although he may be successful, than it is to vote against him. Republicans were "left" in 1860, but they did not feel disgraced or "left," and if they had foreseen defeat no honorable man among them would have made haste to "fall into line" with Democrats. Senator Hiscock thinks it clever to class independent voters with anarchists. But those who live in glass houses should be careful. His friend Mr. Belden, who was unanimously nominated as his own successor in Congress at a Convention which suggested Mr. Hiscock for the Presidency, is a candidate, according to the showing of the *Tribune*, of the "boodle" kind. Mr. Belden is the manifesto of the Republicanism of to-day issued by Mr. Hiscock's particular constituency, and Mr. Hiscock sneers at civil service reformers as "claiming to be a little better than Republicans." But the desire of something a little better than Beldenism, as described by the *Tribune*, certainly does not indicate a Quixotic virtue.

The Republican tone toward independent voters, which is simply contempt for honesty in politics, naturally ends in such nominations as that of Mr. Belden, and in the unhesitating support of the devil if he be regularly nominated. It covers the whole action of the party with suspicion, and strongly repels honest men from the support of Republican candidates. The comedy of a party which habitually sneers at the demand of honesty posing as a superior and "better" party is apparently unperceived by the actors themselves. The final assertion and appeal that in any case Republicans are more trustworthy than Democrats is childish, and indicates the last stage of party decadence. It is because of this Republican tone, of the evident reliance upon the former achievements of the party, of the miserable efforts to arouse sectional animosity, of the evasive tampering with questions which earnestly interest honest and unselfish citizens, of a low and retrogressive tendency, that the Republican party has practically recovered little of the vote that it lost in 1884. If it should carry New York next week by a decided majority over all opponents, the nomination of Mr. Blaine next year would become highly probable, and that nomination might be assumed as strictly representative of the spirit and tendency of the party as evinced in the New York State campaign of this autumn.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

The Democratic State campaign in New York has been very undemonstrative. The Convention was quiet, and there was little contest over the nominations. The only serious difference was upon the question of reform in the platform committee, and the recommendation to refer the subject to a popular vote was an honest expression of the blended party indifference and hostility to reform. But the very smoothness of the surface is suspicious. The determined division of that party in regard to the Administration is perfectly well known, and the "still hunt" of the campaign merely prefigures that of the election. The anti-Cleveland Democrats intend if possible, and in the quietest way, to defeat the Democratic ticket in New York, that they may point to the fact of the inability of the party to carry the President's own State as conclusive evidence of the danger and folly of renominating him next year. The situation in New York favors this plan of campaign. Amid the great variety of nominations, and especially that of the United Labor party, an opportunity is offered which will not be lost. The wide variety of guesses about the probable Labor vote shows the general conviction that the Democratic vote will be greatly scattered. The Convention is held to have been a Cleveland Convention. "Let it take care of its own work," is the suggestive comment of the party opposition.

Indifference, however, is "bad politics" for Governor Hill. The feud in the Democratic party is very real, and a signal defeat in the State would be attributed to the lukewarmness of the Governor. It is not too much to say that such a conviction would result in a feeling which would check Governor Hill's career. For if it should be believed that Democratic defeat in the State was attributable directly or indirectly to the Governor, there would be Democrats enough who would make it their duty to baffle all his future aspirations. However this may be, it is not to be doubted that Democratic voters who are deeply dissatisfied with the President will seize the opportunity to express their feeling by their votes.

It is the general knowledge of this fact, and the uncertainty of the amount of the Labor vote and of the Prohibition vote, which derange all calculations of the result. Another element of uncertainty is the vote of the large number of intelligent citizens who are aware of the utter hollowness of the present party organizations, and who wish to see parties represent convictions and policies. This also is an important body of voters, and their disposition will take the form of scattering the total vote as much as possible. Still another consideration favorable to the Democrats is that a vote for the Democratic State ticket will be regarded by many citizens who are content with the existing situation as equivalent to a vote of general satisfaction with the Cleveland administration.

The consequence of all this confused voting will be that when the result of the election is known its significance will not be readily apparent. Undoubtedly under the circumstances a decided Democratic majority over all would signify the renomination and re-election of Mr. Cleveland; but any other result would be very obscure. A mere Republican plurality, for instance, would present to the Republican managers the problem of adopting some other candidate than Mr. Blaine. But the necessity of dropping him would be dispiriting and of doubtful policy. Any substitute or dummy of Mr. Blaine would not arouse the enthusiasm of his following or win independent votes, and the nomination of a candidate who really represented the overthrow of Blaineism in the party would alienate the Blaine faction and imperil success. There has seldom been an election of which the result was in greater doubt, or of which the significance will be probably more uncertain.

NEGRO TROOPS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

At a moment when the bitterness of race prejudice is shown in the recent school controversies in Kansas, Indiana, and Ohio, reminding us of the old Free States that we cannot consistently reproach our brethren of the old Slave States with the same fault, the publication by the Harpers of a *History of the Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion*, 1861–1865, is most timely. It is written by one of those soldiers, Colonel George W. Williams, and it is a clear, comprehensive, and compact statement of the whole subject—the state of public feeling, the circumstances of the enlistment, and the services in the field of the colored troops.

The story is preceded by a view of their part in the war of the Revolution, and it is an unconscious tribute to the character of the race. In half of the country they were held in the worst form of slavery, and in the other half, although personally free, they were the victims of cruel prejudice—a prejudice so acute that even in the sore extremity of conflict for national existence there was the strongest opposition to permitting them even to serve in the ranks. But when the better opinion prevailed and they were called into the service, at Fort Wagner and Port Hudson and Fort Pillow and Olustee, at Petersburg and Fort Fisher, and on other noted fields, their heroism and endurance were fully tested, and they earned the same gratitude that is accorded to their white comrades in the national army.

Colonel Williams states that during the war there were 178,975 negro soldiers enrolled in the United States volunteer army—99,337 by the authority of the national government, and 79,638 by the several States and Territories; and of this number 36,847 died in the service of their country. He tells the story with natural pride and with a glowing pen, and as the reader follows the narrative of generous devotion and valor he may well blush with shame at the long wrong done by the race which prides itself as superior, to a blameless and gentle people.

THE BALTIMORE ELECTION.

No election of the autumn has excited more interest than that in Baltimore, where good citizens, both Democrats and Republicans, have united in a vigorous contest with the most notoriously corrupt political ring in the country. Its character could be indicated by nothing so plainly as by the fact that uncompromising Democrats deliberately bolted the nominations of their party, and actually led the Republican opposition. The movement was an uprising for honest government, and against the worst elements of society organized as a political faction. It had the warmest sympathy of all honest and patriotic citizens in the country, but it had to cope with extraordinary difficulties. It was compelled to seem to oppose the project of a State Convention, because the ring desired a Convention in order to adapt the fundamental law to its own purposes. It was confronted with the charge of defiling the good name of the city of Baltimore and injuring its prosperity. Moreover, the ring which it opposed had not ravaged the city Treasury, and a vote against Democratic success might be interpreted as a rebuke of the President, whom many of the Democratic bolters, however dissatisfied, mean to support next year. Besides all this, the protest encountered the most resolute and experienced political rascality and fraud of every kind—false registering, false counting, bribery, coercion, intimidation, and a profuse supply of money for every illicit purpose, extorted from the employés of the national, State, and city administrations.

The odds were tremendous against the brave and public-spirited citizens who for the honor of their State and city, and for the cause of good government, without adequate resources for necessary expenses, and with the consciousness that the election machinery was in unscrupulously hostile hands, have so devotedly, brilliantly, and ably maintained the struggle. Good Americans of every party in every part of the country are under immense obligations to the citizens of Baltimore and Maryland who have fought this good fight, and who have richly deserved the success which they have apparently lost in the city. We say apparently, because it is the general conviction that the ballots, as usual, have been fraudulently manipulated. The contest will be continued in the State during the week, and the final result is yet to be seen. It is the most painful part of this story that what the whole country has understood the President has not seemed to understand. Certainly it is not the duty of the President to interfere in any manner whatever with elections. But with equal certainty it is his duty to prevent his subordinates from interfering. Indeed it is only through such agents that he can interfere, and not to prohibit their activity is to acquiesce in it, and tacitly to give the weight of Executive approval to their cause and their course.

This has been the use made of the President's passivity in the Baltimore election. The Gorman ring has assumed to act with his sympathy and support, and the assumption could not be refuted. Denial of his approval, however, would have been practicable if the flagrant defiance of his orders in regard to the interference of office-holders with elections had been promptly observed and corrected by him. But when Higgins and Rasin and Thomas, the henchmen of Gorman, took an open part and were not reproved, it seems to us that the President permitted himself to be placed in a position of hostility to his best friends and to his declared principles. From the beginning of the contest, therefore, whatever the result might be, it could not but be injurious to the President. If the Gorman ring should prevail, the obloquy of its success would extend to the President. If it should be beaten, the nature of the contest, the reason of the defeat, and the overthrow of the President's party in one of its strongholds would be the severest and most significant of rebukes. For every reason his attitude is to be regretted.

ARRIVAL OF THE CHOLERA.

For three or four years the cholera has been ravaging parts of Europe with which we are in constant connection. During all that time, therefore, this country has been consciously exposed to the infection. The duty of the authorities has been most imperative to take every possible precaution. From every port within reasonable neighborhood of any infected district no immigrant should have been permitted to embark without evidence satisfactory to the consul that he had not been exposed to the disease, or to whom the consul could not issue a certificate of health. None of the articles which can carry contagion should have been admitted without thorough disinfection, and reasonable detention of every vessel from an infested district should have been rigorously enforced. Prompt and intelligent vigilance of this kind was indispensable.

A few weeks since the ship *Alesia* arrived from Italy, in which the plague has raged, with cholera patients. She was detained at the lower Quarantine and completely fumigated; her passengers were placed under strict supervision; but there have been many deaths, and it was evident that the cholera had arrived upon this side of the ocean. The *Alesia* was followed by the *Britannia*, from the same infected country. No sickness was reported, but there had been three deaths during the voyage, and according to the statements made the ship remained for some days at the upper Quarantine station, and boats from the shore went out to her, although it is not alleged that any persons were permitted to enter the ship or to land from her. The Health-officer at last ordered her to the lower station, where the disease developed itself, and one of the sick men soon died, and the Health-officer declared that the *Britannia* also had brought cholera. These facts demonstrate great carelessness upon the part of the authorities upon the other side, while the vigilance upon this side seems to have been by no means equal to the occasion. Every ship arriving from Italy lay under the strongest suspicion, and her probably dangerous character should have been assumed. The strictest processes of quarantine should have been employed, and the most active fight made against the contagion. This apparently has not been the course pursued.

Dr. Peters, at the County Medical Society, said that proper details of care may have been wanting upon the Quarantine islands, and the Philadelphia *Medical News* states that it has reason to believe the Quarantine regulations to have been too lax, and a report will presently be presented which will contain an authentic statement. The one undeniable and important fact is that the cholera is here. It is to be hoped that adequate measures will be taken to check it at Quarantine, and to prevent its extension. But it is not too late to stop its further importation by proper safeguards on the other side. Private interests and convenience of every kind should give way to adequate provision for the public welfare. Upon this side no cost, no skill, and no vigilance should be spared. If, as the Health-officer is reported to have said, the appropriation for the proper care of the Quarantine islands was stricken out of the Supply Bill last year, it is a reproach of the Legislature that when we were plainly threatened with the cholera it should have refused to provide any precaution. Should the disease spread, the responsibility of the authorities will be very great.

PERSONAL.

Rufus F. Zogbaum, the artist, has leased the lodge on the estate of the Hon. John Bigelow, at Highland Falls, New York, near West Point, where he has spent the summer. Mr. Zogbaum rides over to West Point every day to make sketches of military life.

—John Hogan, an engineer on the Philadelphia and Reading road, is said to have made the fastest record with a locomotive of any man living or dead, having run a mile in thirty-eight seconds. Mr. Hogan does not think that a much greater speed than that can ever be got out of a locomotive. Certainly not, if kept up at that rate, which would make ninety-four miles an hour!

—Lady Anne Blunt, the wife of Wilfred Blunt, Mr. Parnell's English champion, is the granddaughter of Lord Byron. Lady Anne has the courageous and adventurous spirit of her grandfather, and she sticks by her husband through thick and thin, even clinging to his arm when he was seized by the police. Mr. Blunt is a Roman Catholic, and bears a strong resemblance to Mr. Parnell in feature as well as character. He comes of one of the oldest families in England, and is a large landlord in Sussex, where the Blunts were the chief people before the Norman conquest.

—John Habberton, who has written many stories better than *Helen's Babies*, but who is best known as the creator of "Budge" and "Toddy," lives in a fine old place just outside of New Rochelle, New York. He is engaged in daily journalism, being a member of the *Herald's* staff, and goes to New York every day. Mr. Habberton is an unusually hard literary worker, but he finds time to practise photography, and is a most accomplished amateur.

—Mathias Splitlog is the suggestive name of a wealthy Indian railway builder. He began business on a capital of fifty cents, borrowed an axe, and went to work cutting wood for steam-boats at twenty-five cents a cord. At this low rate of pay he laid up money, and to-day owns a railroad, several blocks of land in Kansas City, and a number of silver mines.

—Hon. Levi P. Morton is going to tear down his old house in Washington and build a $500,000 apartment-house. The house that is to come down stands opposite Wormly's, and was built by Samuel Hooper, Charles Sumner's father-in-law. For the past few years it has been occupied by Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine.

—Lewis Phillips, a sailor of Grand Rapids, Michigan, put out in a small sail-boat, a short time since, and landed at a seldom-visited and uninhabited island on Lake Michigan. While there his boat got adrift and left him. With no tool but a knife, he managed to make a raft of the dead limbs of trees lashed together with pieces of his clothing and strips of bark peeled from the trees. It took him three days to make the raft. With a dead branch of a tree for a rudder, he pushed off, and after floating aimlessly about for four days, he was picked up in an exhausted condition, having been seven days without food. His appearance had changed so that his friends did not recognize him.

—Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, when he made his first visit to this country was a splendid specimen of healthy manhood. He arrived in New York from England the other day a mere wreck of his former self. He left at once for Washington, the home of his wife's family, and there he hopes to get well; but he is so feeble at present that he can scarcely move about his room.

—Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China, is six feet tall, sixty-five years old, well built, gray, and swarthy; his eyes are dark and piercing, and his teeth dark and uneven. When receiving American guests he wears a gray Astrakhan surtout with long flowing sleeves, loose silken trousers, felt shoes, and a flaring hat with the button of his rank on the top and a peacock's feather sticking out behind. He is to the Emperor of China what Bismarck is to the Emperor of Germany.

—Joe Hurt, of Wyoming Territory, enjoys the distinction of having in the course of his life on the frontier killed over one hundred hostile Indians, slaughtered ten thousand antelope and about five thousand buffalo. He had a contract with a Chicago house once to supply it with five thousand antelope carcasses within a month, and he carried out his contract. It is said that in four days he killed and shipped thirteen hundred. "Ute Joe," as he is called by his familiars, is a magnificent horseman and unerring shot, and he can see objects with the naked eye at a greater distance than an ordinary man can by the aid of glasses. At present he is engaged in the peaceful occupation of sheep-raising.

—Lemuel Bangs, who died in New York early in October, belonged to one of the oldest Methodist families. He was seventy years of age, and was a son of the Rev. Nathan Bangs, for a long time connected with the Methodist Book Concern, and editor of all its publications. In 1829 Mr. Lemuel Bangs formed a partnership for the publication of books with Thomas McElrath, the publisher of the *Tribune* during Horace Greeley's lifetime. Of late years Mr. Bangs had been connected with book-trade sales and book auctioneering. At the time of his death he was not engaged in active business.

—Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., who is to be High Commissioner of Fisheries for the United Kingdom, is fifty-one years of age, and a native of Birmingham, which city he has represented in Parliament since 1876. At thirty-nine years of age he retired from the screw-making factory founded by his father, with an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year. Mr. Chamberlain has been married twice, but is now a widower. He belongs to what in England is called the "upper middle class," and in religious faith is a Unitarian. He is a very English-looking Englishman, above medium height, well built, with dark gray eyes, and short whiskers running down from below his ears to his throat. He dresses well, and stares at his colleagues through a single eye-glass.

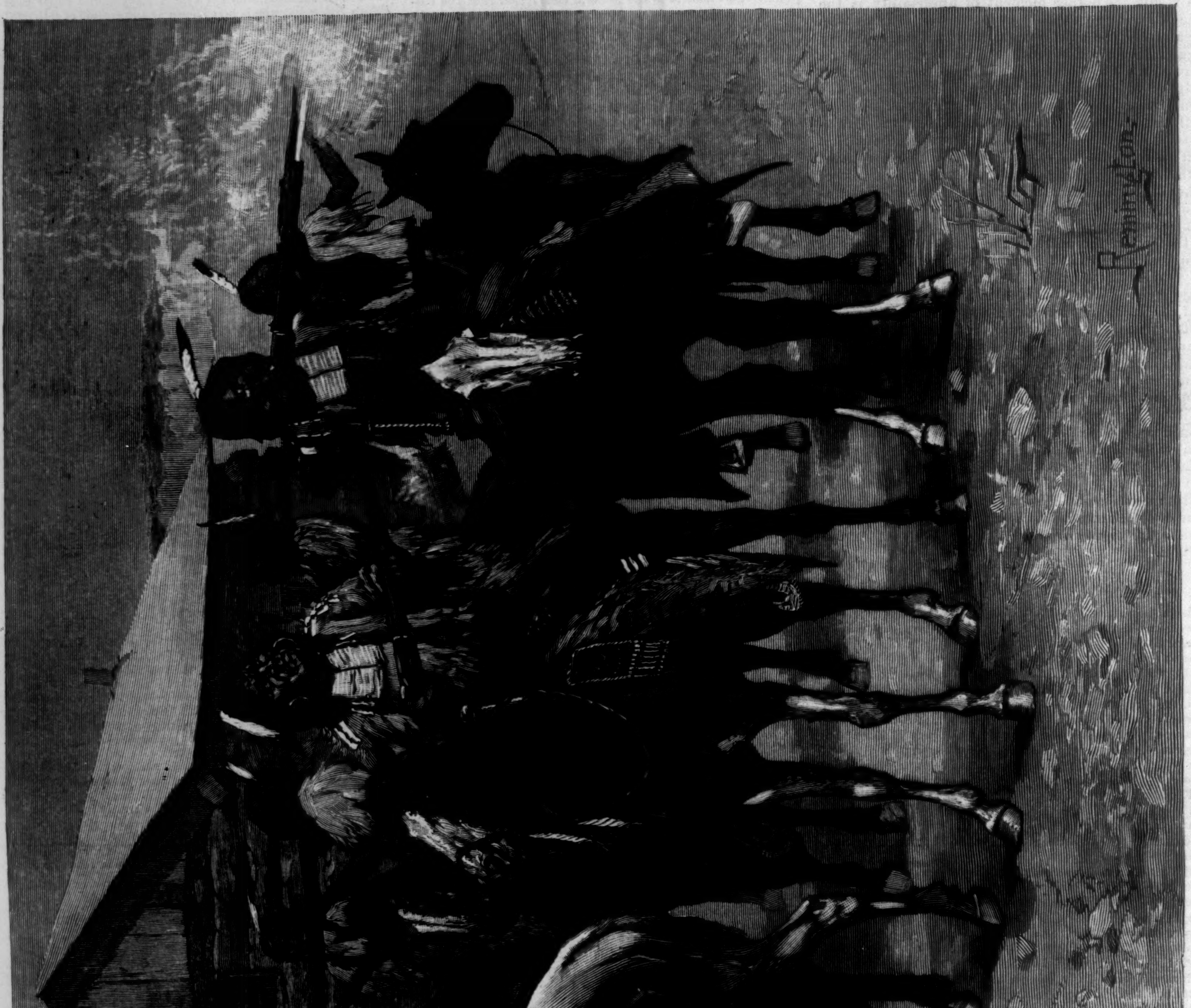
—The late Frank W. Pettygrove, the founder of the city of Portland, Oregon, bought the tract of 640 acres of land on which the centre of the city now stands in 1843 for fifty dollars.

—General Charles J. Paine, whose fame as a yachtsman is now world-wide, is a direct descendant of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was born in Boston fifty-four years ago, and is a graduate of Harvard, class of '53. He is tall, spare, and stoops slightly. The hair on the top of his head is exceedingly thin, but it has not yet begun to whiten. General Paine made the bulk of his money by his own exertions, though he inherited a little and married a wealthy wife. His record as a soldier during the war is no less brilliant than he has made as a yachtsman since.

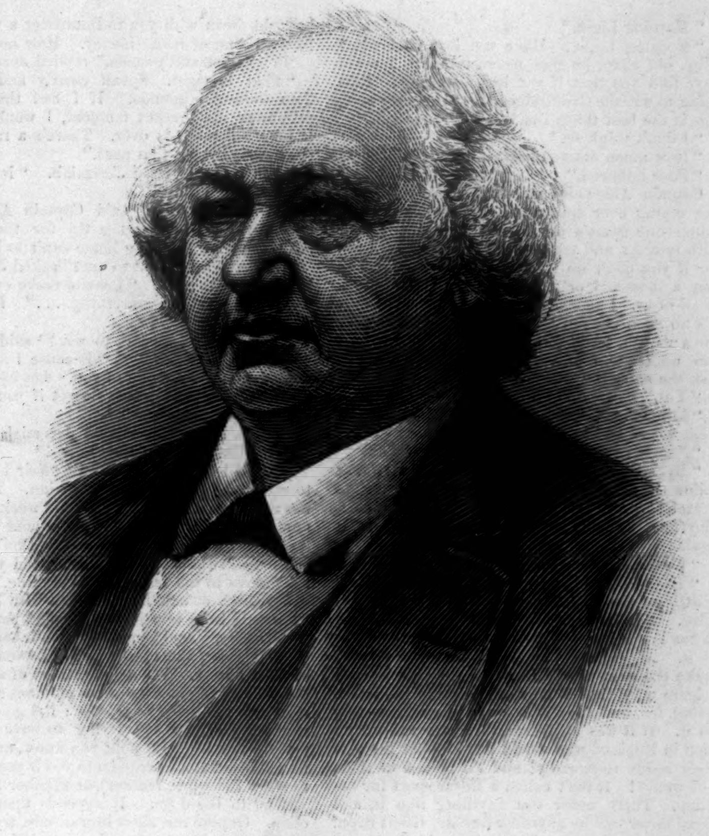
—Samuel B. Holden, of Craigh, Missouri, has had something of a Rip Van Winkle experience. Eight years ago he came home one day complaining of an intense pain in his head. In twenty-four hours he was a drivelling idiot. A few days ago he came suddenly out of this state of idiocy, and took up his life's story where he had left it off eight years before. All the physicians of his neighborhood are puzzling over this extraordinary case, which is being discussed with all seriousness and perfect good faith by the newspapers of Missouri.

—A correspondent describing Mr. Parnell says: His personality and his power alike remain a mystery to those who see him most closely. There is nothing specially impressive about his face. It is delicate without being either nervous or handsome, and there is no sign of great strength or depth in its bright eyes, its thin nose, or its small mouth. His voice is high pitched and rather feminine in its intonation, with no suggestion of magnetism in its fibre. He seems to have no marked faculty for remembering names or faces. He has no particular friendships inside his party, and very few acquaintances in Parliament outside of it.

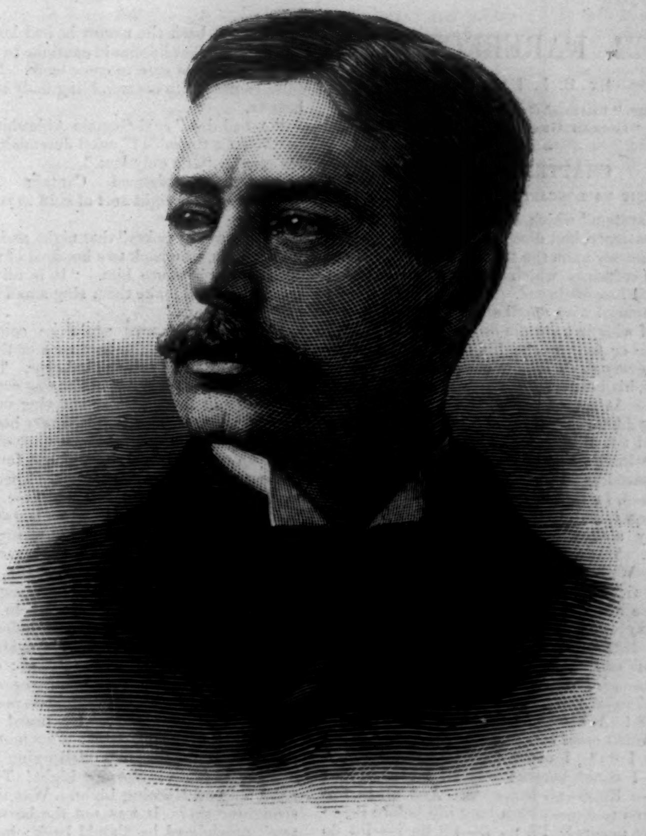
—To see Mr. Gladstone walk a mile on the turf is said to be a rich treat. Even in the streets of London he is about the most graceful and nimble pedestrian you would meet in a day. He strides with the springy freedom of an athlete, and has all the eloquent grace of a dancing-master, without a trace of the dandyism. More likely than not you will see him swinging his old hat in one hand, while widening his collar with the other. Then in to breakfast—a wholesome, simple English breakfast, which he eats with a hearty relish that is the envy of most of his juniors. Then after lunch at two comes work in-doors—letters, Homer (he is always pegging away at his Homer), the writing of magazine articles on theology, Greek and Latin poetry, how to make jam, the Bulgarian question, practical forestry, old China, ancient Troy—goodness knows what Gladstone has not written, is writing, or will write about, and always as an authority, too.



CROW INDIANS FIRING INTO THE AGENCY.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 803.]



THE LATE JOHN B. CORNELL.



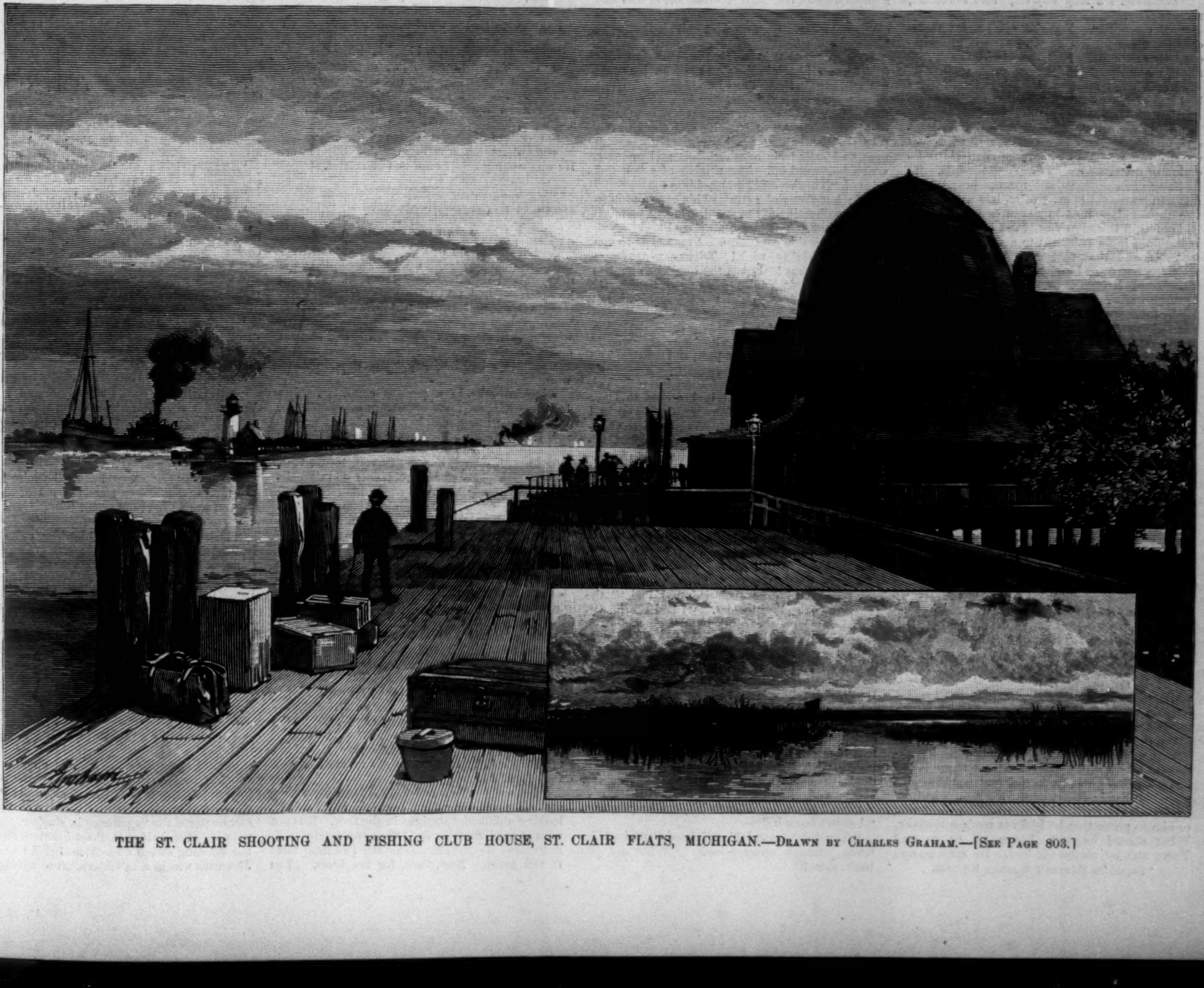
DE LANCEY NICOLL, THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 803.]

JOHN B. CORNELL.

John Black Cornell, one of the most eminent and influential members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of New York, and one of the prominently useful citizens of the metropolis, died at Lakewood, New Jersey, on Wednesday, October 26th, about 10 A.M. Mr. Cornell was born at Far Rockaway, Long Island, on the 7th of February, 1821, of parents—Thomas and Hannah Cornell—whose ancestry was of the best English origin, and who were among the earlier settlers in America. An excellent physical constitution, strengthened by labor on the paternal farm, prepared the way to success as a manufacturer of iron fabrics. At the age of fifteen he began his labors under the direction of George Cornell, an elder brother, and in connection with William W., a younger brother, began business in Centre Street in 1847. Capital was small and employés few, but out of that beginning grew one of the largest establishments of this country. The iron works of J. B. & J. M. Cornell employ from 1000 to 1200 men.

When about seventeen years of age J. B. Cornell joined the Methodist Episcopal church in Greene Street. Both himself and W. W. Cornell were then members of the Bible class taught by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Longking. Both were sent out in alternate months by him—as were the other scholars—to teach in the mission schools established by the class, and both were encouraged to devote a definite percentage of annual income to beneficent uses. Out of these mission schools and other agencies grew the City Sunday-school and Missionary Society, which in 1870 was incorporated as the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Of the former organization W. W. Cornell was the last President. The Cornell Memorial Church, in Seventy-sixth Street, with its 1[illegible]00 Sunday-school pupils, was founded by him, and afterward clothed with his name. John B. Cornell succeeded to the presidency of the society in 1873, and lived to see it supporting over twenty mission churches, after having nursed into independent churchhood several flourishing corporations. The cost to Mr. Cornell of all this, together with ceaseless subscriptions to missions, schools, and other interests, to the Drew Theological Seminary and its fire-proof library, and to unostentatious private charities, amounted to more than a million dollars.

Mr. Cornell was deeply religious, and thoroughly Methodistic from conviction and preference, but his sympathies were wide as humanity. At the time of his death he was one of the vice-presidents of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society, Manager of the General Missionary Society, and member of the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern in New York. He was also an officer of the Methodist Episcopal Church Home, one of the Board of Managers of St. Christopher's Home for Children, President of the Board of Trustees of the Drew Theological Seminary, and of the Board of Trustees of St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. A wife and seven children survive him.



THE ST. CLAIR SHOOTING AND FISHING CLUB HOUSE, ST. CLAIR FLATS, MICHIGAN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 803.]

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A VISIT TO DONCASTER AND ITS RESULTS.

The "system" which Jeremiah Pamflett, after infinite patience, had discovered of winning large sums of money upon the turf did not turn out the absolute certainty which his calculations upon paper had foreshadowed. At first all went well; he commenced with small amounts, and a peculiar run of wins in a certain direction favored him. For three or four weeks his good fortune continued; every day's results showed a balance on the right, his lowest daily win being £3, his highest £62. At the end of that time he was the richer by £280. So far, so good.

He did not think so; he was mad with himself for winning so little. That was because he had ventured so little. "What an idiot I am!" he groaned, in the solitude of his bedchamber. "What an idiot! what an idiot! Had I multiplied my stakes by fifty I should have won £14,000. Where are my brains? Where is my pluck? Without courage, no one who was not born to riches has ever made a great fortune. And here am I wasting the precious time and letting my opportunities slip. £14,000 in four weeks. Forty racing weeks a year, £140,000. Five years of that, £7,000,000. Oh, Lord! *seven million pounds!* Seven millions! I could double it while I was making it. FOURTEEN MILLION POUNDS! What could I do with fourteen millions? What *could* I do?" he screamed. "What couldn't I do? I could turn the world topsy-turvy! I could become anything I liked!—a Prince—a King—an Emperor! And all in five years from to-day—with a long life before me to enjoy my money! I'll do it—I'll do it—I'll do it!"

These contemplations turned his head. He resolved to dash in and become a millionaire.

The race-courses upon which his initial trials were made were situated at an easy distance from London—Kempton Park, Sandown, Epsom, Croydon, Ascot, Hampton, Windsor, and other such meetings, from which, when the last race was run, he could reach Miser Farebrother's office at seven or eight o'clock in the evening.

"I'm going to commence my system in real earnest," said Jeremiah to Captain Ablewhite. "No more shilly-shallying."

"Brave boy!" replied Captain Ablewhite, admiringly. "Where?"

"Well," questioned Jeremiah, seeking information. "Where?"

"Come with me to Doncaster," said Captain Ablewhite. "Glorious place! No end of swells there, waiting to hand you their money. A fortune ready made for you. We'll have a rare week. I know to a certainty what's going to win the Leger. A dark 'un."

"Doncaster's a long way off," said Jeremiah, ruminatively.

"All the better. You can manage it: throw over the office for five days. What is life without beer and skittles? You will come back rolling in money."

Jeremiah did manage it. Miser Farebrother had one of his worst attacks, and there was no likelihood of his being able to leave his room the Doncaster week. Away went Jeremiah on Monday, in the company of Captain Ablewhite and three other swells, to commence the solid foundation of the great fortune in store for him. He had made his preparations for the grand *coup*, and had possessed himself of no less a sum than two thousand pounds in ready cash. How he had obtained this money need not be too curiously inquired into; sufficient to say that it was his master's, and that forgery was the means by which he had come into possession of it. He had "borrowed" it for a week. When the Doncaster Meeting was over, he would be able to replace it. He had confided to his mother that he was leaving London for a few days, and had instructed her to communicate regularly with him at Doncaster, giving her the address of an inn at which he and Captain Ablewhite intended to stop. She had implored him to confide in her the nature of the business which took him away; but he was obdurate, and he sternly refused to let her into the secret.

"All it is necessary for you to know," he said to her, "is that when you see me next I shall have twenty thousand pounds of my own."

"Don't run yourself into danger," she begged. "Oh, Jeremiah, be careful!"

"Let me alone for that," he replied. "I know what I'm about."

On the road to Doncaster he played "Nap" with Captain Ablewhite and his swell friends, crown points, and when the train reached its destination he had won over sixty pounds.

"A good commencement," he said to himself, elated at his good fortune.

"You have the luck of the devil," said one of the losers to him. "How do you manage it?"

Jeremiah smiled as he packed his winnings away.

"It is my opinion," observed Captain Ablewhite, pleasantly, "that Mr. Pamflett has made a bargain with the old gentleman. Everything he touches turns to gold."

On the following day Jeremiah, on the race-course, commenced to plunge, and after a martingale of six series of bets on six races found himself a loser of eleven hundred pounds. He was desperately frightened. He went carefully over his "system," and it was small satisfaction to him to prove that he had not made a mistake. What should he do? Leave off, or go on? There was no choice for him. He *must* go on; he *must* get back the money he had lost. It was not possible that he should continue to lose. The money would be sure to come back. He infused false courage into his trembling body by drinking brandy.

"A bad day," said Captain Ablewhite.

"What's the odds?" cried Jeremiah, emptying his glass. "It's only lent."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Captain Ablewhite. "You've got the right sort of stuff in you. You'll break the ring."

They played "poker" that night, and Jeremiah, by boldness, won back two hundred of the eleven. This put spirit into him. "It is all right," he thought. "I'll make them sing small before I've done with them."

On the race-course again he continued his "system"—lost on the first race of the day, lost on the second, and lost on the Leger. The "dark" horse, which Captain Ablewhite was certain would win, came in fourth. The carrying out of Jeremiah's "system" now required very heavy stakes, and when the number of the winner of the Leger went up on the board, he had but four hundred of the two thousand pounds left. Then he began to flounder. He had lost on nine successive races, and to pull back his losses it was necessary that he should stake the whole of the four hundred pounds in his pocket on the race about to take place. Did he dare to do that?

He walked about the ring, muttering to himself, and studying his card. "Shall I do it? shall I do it?" he muttered, in a state of indecision. He knew exactly what his "system" demanded. There was the horse, and there the jockey; did he dare to back them for the four hundred pounds? As he was hesitating and dallying, two men, whispering, brushed past him. He heard what they said. "They've squared it: it's a moral. Now's the time; I'm going nap on Morning Light."

Morning Light! Morning Light! The man was going nap on Morning Light. Was there ever a straighter tip? It was not the horse his "system" proclaimed he should back; but he could never forgive himself if he neglected the tip so fortuitously imparted to him. "It is sure to win; it is sure to win," muttered Jeremiah; and in a fit of nervous desperation he put his money on Morning Light. He could not get the odds to the amount from one book-maker, but he got them from four good men and true, to whom he intrusted the last of his new crisp bank-notes. He stood to win three thousand eight hundred pounds. "That will put me eighteen hundred on the right side," he muttered, "and my four hundred that I shall get back, that will be two thousand two hundred."

So great was his agitation that he walked out of the ring, and tried not to think of the race till it was over.

"Hallo, my buck!" cried Captain Ablewhite, clapping him on the shoulder just as he passed through the gate. "How are we getting along? Do you know anything? What have you backed?"

But Jeremiah would not allow the name of the horse to pass consciously from his lips. He had a superstitious fear that it would bring him bad luck; he mumbled some indistinct words, and staggered away. Captain Ablewhite looked after him and smiled.

How was it that in a few moments Jeremiah found himself back in the ring again? He could not tell, except that he was impelled by a terrible force which seemed to deprive him of self-control. His eyes blazed, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. All at once he was standing before the bar calling for brandy. He drank it neat, and called for another glass and another, which he tossed off. The ringing of a bell and cries of, "They're off!" dragged him to the grand stand; but though he strained his eyes and looked in the direction of the running horses he could not see them. They were all mixed up in seemingly inextricable confusion. A man close to him shouted, "Tricksy wins! Tricksy wins, for a pony!" Tricksy! It was the horse he ought to have backed. "You're a damned liar!" He thought he had screamed the words aloud, but only a gurgling, inarticulate sound had escaped him. From a hundred throats came the cries, "Tricksy wins! Tricksy wins! Tricksy wins!" The horses rushed past the post, and the race was over.

Jeremiah wiped the perspiration from his face, and dug his handkerchief in his eyes to clear them. The winning numbers were going up, and he saw them in a red mist. Tricksy first, Bamboo second, Moselle third. Morning Light nowhere.

What a cursed fool he had been! Fortune was within his grasp, and he had missed it—had wilfully thrown it away. His "system" pointed unerringly to the backing of Tricksy, and he had allowed himself to be turned from the certainty by a casual whisper. No, not casual; it was a plot to ruin him; it had been done purposely to destroy him. And here was Captain Ablewhite at his elbow again.

"Was there ever such infernal luck?" the Captain was saying to him. "I had the tip before I came on the course, and I go and back Moselle. I've no head, no head! Oh, if I only had your clear brain! No use growling, though; it won't mend matters. Better luck next time. None but the brave deserve the—mopusses. But I say, old fellow, you look upset. You don't mean to say you didn't back Tricksy! Why, you told me after the second race that, mathematically, it couldn't lose, and I said to myself, 'Pamflett 'll back Tricksy, and I'll back Moselle. If Mosell wins, I can let Pamflett have a few hundreds to go on with. If Tricksy wins, he can oblige me.' You can't, eh?"

"No, I can't," said Jeremiah, in a hoarse tone. "I didn't back it."

"You didn't back it!" exclaimed Captain Ablewhite, with an amazed look. "What *did* you back, then?"

"Morning Light."

"Morning Light! Have you lost your wits? Why, old chap, he was never meant! I could have told you that if you had asked me. He's going to win the Cambridgeshire. Upon my soul, this is the best thing I've heard for a month."

"I don't think so."

"How much did you back him for?"

"Four hundred."

Captain Ablewhite whistled. "Well, it's no use crying over spilt milk. There's one good thing—the game's alive. You can pull it back with interest, and you're not the man I take you for if you don't do it. What does it matter to you, a thousand or two? These things happen to all of us. I remember last year at Ascot—but it's no good raking it up. It knocked me over for a month, I can tell you that. From what I can understand of your system it's when you risk the most you win the most. Isn't it?"

"Yes," groaned Jeremiah.

"I thought so. Now if you had backed Tricksy, what would you have won?"

"Nearly five thousand," groaned Jeremiah.

"By all that's wonderful! And you didn't follow it out! But I'm a nice one, I am, to preach!" And then Captain Ablewhite said, playfully, "Don't you let me catch you at it again!"

"I won't," groaned Jeremiah.

"The beauty of the thing is, as I have said," continued Captain Ablewhite, "that the game's alive. It's always alive, and waiting for us. What is *one* miss? You can snap your fingers at it. All you've got to do is to increase your stake the next time. Old fellow, I give you my solemn word there's only one thing in life worth living for, and that is horse-racing and betting on it. If it was abolished, there are a thousand men in England who would put a bullet through their heads to-morrow; and I'd be one of them—I would! It isn't called a Royal sport for nothing. There never *was* anything like it, and there never *will* be anything like it. Great Scot! the fortunes I've seen lost and won! Come and have some fizz."

Jeremiah went and had some fizz, and then Captain Ablewhite asked him what his trouble was.

"I've lost all the ready money I brought with me," said Jeremiah.

"What of that? You want to go on betting?"

"Yes."

"Give me," said Captain Ablewhite, "your I O U for a thou."

What with his despair, and the mixed liquors he had imbibed, Jeremiah scarcely knew what he was doing; and under Captain Ablewhite's directions he wrote and signed an I O U for £1000, which the gallant Captain comfortably deposited in his pocket-book.

"Come with me," said Captain Ablewhite. "By Jove! the numbers are going up."

Jeremiah went with him, and was introduced to a book-maker, to whom Captain Ablewhite whispered a few words.

"All right, Captain," said the book-maker. "The gentleman's name is good enough; but I thought he was quite a different sort of man."

Captain Ablewhite nodded, and took Jeremiah aside.

"Make your bets with him," said the Captain, in a low tone, "in the name of Farebrother. You've got Farebrother's cards about you: give him one. Before the meeting is over you will be in clover. You can bet with him without staking a shilling."

But on the Friday morning of the Doncaster Meeting Jeremiah was in anything but clover. He was tossing about on a bed of nettles.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A BAD BUSINESS.

At ten o'clock on this morning Captain Ablewhite, unannounced, and without knocking at the door, walked into Jeremiah's room in the hotel at which he had taken up his quarters. Jeremiah was still in bed. Closing the door carefully behind him and turning the key, Captain Ablewhite drew a chair to the side of the bed and sat down.

"This is a bad business," said Captain Ablewhite.

Jeremiah was in a parlous condition. His face was haggard; his eyes were bloodshot; he was shaking like a man in a palsy.

"This is a bad business," repeated Captain Ablewhite. "You are too much upset to reply. But why, oh, *why* have you lost your head?"

Jeremiah put his hand up, feebly and despairingly, and passed it vacantly over his forehead.

"I have here," said Captain Ablewhite, plunging his hands into the pockets of his gorgeous dressing-gown, "a pick-me-up. It will pull you round, and then we can talk."

He produced two bottles—one containing the pick-me-up, the other soda. Taking a large tumbler from a table he poured a good dose of the pick-me-up into it, and then uncorked the soda, which he emptied into the glass.

"Drink this."

Jeremiah drank it, and almost instantly became for a while clear-brained.

"Better?" asked Captain Ablewhite.

"A great deal better," replied Jeremiah.

Then, for the third time, the jovial Captain—he was as fresh as a two-year-old—said, "This is a bad business."

And still, clear-headed as he now was, Jeremiah did not know what to say in answer to a very plain statement of fact.

"Let me see," said Captain Ablewhite, taking out his pocket-book. "There is nothing like looking a difficulty straight in the face. It is not a bit of good shirking it. What you've got to do is to meet it—and, Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett, meet it you must. Now, then, for the facts. You brought down with you to Doncaster a very comfortable sum of ready money. How much?"

"Two thousand pounds," replied Jeremiah.

"That is right. Speak clearly and plainly. Two thousand pounds. If I had that in my pocket at the present moment, I would double it before the day is over. There's a race to be run—however, let that pass."

"What race?" cried Jeremiah. "Is it a certainty?"

"It is a certainty," said Captain Ablewhite, solemnly. "I've got the tip for the Scurry Stakes, my lad, and the horse can't lose."

"But why not give it to me?" asked Jeremiah, in great excitement. "I could make everything right—everything—everything...." His voice trailed off into a whimper.

"Why don't I give it to you?" said Captain Ablewhite, very calmly. "Because I am beginning to lose my opinion of you. Let me tell you, though: you may justify it yet if you are not thoroughly white-livered."

"I will, I will!" exclaimed Jeremiah. "Only give me the tip—give me the tip!"

"Not if I know it. This little affair I will keep to myself, and I'll sweep the market. You've let too many good things slip by this week. Come, now, confess: if you had stuck to your 'system,' how much would you have won? Don't put me off. You've gone all through it, and you know the figures to the fraction of a shilling."

Jeremiah struck his forehead with his hand. "I should have won seven thousand pounds."

"Exactly. And you did not win it because you weren't game, and because you allowed yourself to be led away. What is the good of a man unless he has the courage of his opinions? Before midnight I'm going to try you; I'm going to see whether you're worth trying to save (because you are in a frightful hole, you know, and there's no telling what will happen to you if you continue to show the white feather), or whether I shall let you go to the dogs. It depends upon me, old chap. Oppose me, show ingratitude, try to prove that you're cleverer than I am, and the odds are that you will have seven years—not less—perhaps fourteen. Oh, you are clever, you are! Make no mistake, you *are* clever; but you want nerve! Why, if you had been open with me—if you had told me honestly what your system was—we might both have made fortunes. But that's neither here nor there. Things are as they are, aren't they?"

"Yes, they are," sighed Jeremiah.

"Shall I go on?"

"Yes."

"Well, then. You brought down two thousand pounds with you, and you blued it. Eh?"

"Yes."

"I don't ask you where you got the money from. It is no business of mine, and I will have nothing to do with it. I have my ideas, but I'll keep them to myself. Having lost your two thousand pounds, you get me to introduce you to a book-maker, who took your bets in the expectation of paying you if you won and receiving from you if you lost. And you did business with him in a false name."

"I didn't get you," protested Jeremiah: "you offered to introduce me; and it was at *your* suggestion I used the name of Farebrother."

Captain Ablewhite rose and said, "Good-morning."

"No, no," cried Jeremiah, piteously; "don't desert me!"

"Did I introduce you, or did you ask me to introduce you?" demanded Captain Ablewhite.

"I asked you—I asked you!" whined Jeremiah.

"And did you use Farebrother's name upon my suggestion? Be careful, old chap."

"At my own suggestion," faltered Jeremiah.

"Good," said Captain Ablewhite, resuming his seat. "You made bets with him, and you are in his books over three thousand pounds. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"I have I O U's for another two thousand pounds. Is that correct?

"Yes."

"It is a satisfaction. You hold acceptances of mine for close on that amount, and the entire amount of cash I have received from you is about one-fourth of that amount."

"Business is business," groaned Jeremiah.

"All right. I didn't complain, and I don't. You and I are pretty well squared on that account. Taking it altogether, you have lost this week some seven thousand pounds, when you might have won as much."

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Jeremiah.

"You may clasp your head till you're blue in the face, and *that* won't get you out of the hole. Do you want to get out of it?"

"Yes; of course I do."

"Then," said Captain Ablewhite, enigmatically, "take the 1.33 train to London. You will get there at five o'clock. Have a bath and a sensible dinner, and meet me outside the Langham Hotel, on the opposite side of the road, at nine o'clock to-night. It may be in my power to save you. No words. If you do not obey me I have done with you. Yes or no?"

"Yes," said Jeremiah.

CHAPTER XL.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

This was to be a night of surprising adventure to Jeremiah. He was punctual to time. As the church clocks struck the hour of nine he arrived at the Langham Hotel, and in accordance with Captain Ablewhite's instructions, waited on the opposite side of the road. There was no moon, and he paced the flag-stones in shadow. A quarter past nine, half past, three-quarters past, then the chiming of ten o'clock, and still no Captain. Jeremiah was in a bewilderment of agonized suspense; he was on the brink of a precipice, and he relied upon Captain Ablewhite to save him—by what means he knew not, but he depended upon the Captain's word. "He is detained," thought Jeremiah; "the train is late; he is not a punctual man; perhaps he said ten o'clock instead of nine. At all events, I'll wait for him." The minutes sped on; a quarter past ten, half past, three-quarters past, and now another hour has passed. It was eleven o'clock, and Jeremiah, worked up into a state of terrible excitement, continued to pace up and down, up and down. Two or three times a policeman, attracted by his monotonous movements, strolled past, and carelessly looked at him; and on these occasions Jeremiah strove to hide his face from the policeman's scrutiny. "Will he never come?" thought Jeremiah—"will he never come?" At half past eleven a singular incident occurred. A voice at his back accosted him. It was a woman's voice.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1598.

"Don't turn," the woman said. "Your name is Pamflett?"

"Yes," answered Jeremiah, much amazed.

"You are waiting for some one?"

"Yes."

"For whom?"

"Captain Ablewhite."

"That is right. Take this."

The woman slipped a packet into his hand and was gone. Jeremiah turning, saw no trace of her. No time was afforded him for reflection. The Captain's voice struck upon his ear.

"Follow me," it said.

Without the evidence of the voice Jeremiah would not have recognized Captain Ablewhite, who was enveloped in a large Inverness cape, and upon whose head was a hat unlike that he usually wore. He followed the Captain, who walked very fast, until they reached a narrow street at some distance from the Langham. It was a thoroughfare which appeared to be quite deserted.

"Well, old fellow?" said Captain Ablewhite.

"Well?" responded the mystified Jeremiah.

"Couldn't help being late. Knew you would wait for me. Ah! you have the packet, I see."

"This?" said Jeremiah.

"Yes, this;" and Captain Ablewhite took it from his hands.

"It was given to me by a woman who hid herself from me. What is the meaning of it?"

"You will know soon enough. Go and fetch a four-wheeler."

Jeremiah departed, and in five or six minutes returned with the conveyance.

"Give the driver this half-sovereign," whispered Captain Ablewhite. "Tell him it is on account, and that he has a good fare. Instruct him to drive along the Finchley road. No questions, old chap; do as I bid you."

Jeremiah followed out the instructions, and the next moment he and Captain Ablewhite were in the cab.

"No place like a four-wheeler," said the Captain, "for an interchange of confidences. Give me your closest attention, friend Jeremiah. You're in luck's way. Being in one of those awkward fixes which invariably land a fellow in jail and ruin him for ever and ever, amen! something has turned up to save you. This is the way of it—but before I go into the matter you are to understand that you are to make no inquiries. What I choose to impart I will impart—nothing more. Do you agree?"

"Yes."

"To proceed, then. A lady friend of mine—call her a Duchess—has pressing need for a large sum of money, and has only one means of raising it. The amount she requires is four thousand pounds, and she has handed you jewels worth ten times as much. In a month from this date the four thousand will be repaid with interest, and the jewels will be handed back to her. They are in this packet. Seeing's believing; you shall see them."

He unfastened the packet, and took a morocco case from the wrapper. Then he produced a box of wax tapers, which he gave to Jeremiah, bidding him to keep up a light, in order that he might have a good view of the jewels. He nicked the morocco case open, and exposed to view a bracelet of diamonds of such extraordinary size that Jeremiah could not help giving utterance to an exclamation of astonishment.

"You may well cry out," said Captain Ablewhite. "The stones, if they're worth a penny, are worth fifty thousand pounds. Do you wish to know how I became associated with the affair? Well, I've no objection to telling you. The fact is, the Duchess is an old flame of mine. An antique Duke falling in love with her, and being in his dotage, I naturally consent to the marriage. But she is an awfully extravagant woman, and needing instantly the sum of money I mentioned, comes to me. 'I have a friend,' I say to her, 'in the money-lending way, who, if you give him security, will obtain millions for you.' Whereupon she says she will leave her wonderful diamond bracelet with my friend till she pays back the four thousand, with ample interest. That will be your profit, Jeremiah. She dare not pledge these diamonds in the regular way with the men who deal regularly in such affairs. It would come to her husband's ears; and although the diamonds are hers, to do as she likes with, there is the future to be considered. The Duke makes her a handsome allowance; he has drawn up his will, leaving her as much as it is in his power to do; he is a very jealous, irascible, pompous-headed old idiot, and it is therefore imperative that this little matter shall be negotiated in such a way as to render it impossible it can come to his knowledge. He brings his wife to London this evening; his town mansion is not in a fit state to receive his noble carcass, so his wife drives him to the Langham. She knows from me that my friend—you, Jeremiah—are waiting outside the hotel; she comes to you, addresses you, slips her bracelet into your hand, and vanishes. What confidence! What imprudence! Dear little soul! As for the interest, charge her sixty, eighty, a hundred per cent. Yes, charge her a hundred. It won't come out of her pocket, it will come out of the Duke's. 'But,' say you, '*I* haven't the money to advance; I'm clean stumped.' That need not stop the cart, friend Jeremiah. What you have to do is to go to your governor, Farebrother, and show him these diamonds. If the sight of them does not set his thin blood in a glow, nothing will. You say to him, 'The lady requires *six* thousand pounds on them for a month. She will give one thousand pounds interest.' That is at the rate of two hundred per cent. per annum, friend Jeremiah. You continue: 'If the money is not repaid at the end of the month, the diamonds are yours; they become forfeited. Here is a letter from her to that effect.' I will give it to you presently, Jeremiah, and you can hand it to the governor. He won't be able to resist the bait. How about the ready? Can he lay hands on it?"

"He has bonds that he can sell," replied Jeremiah.

"Good. You can manage that for him. Now, how do *you* benefit by the transaction? First and foremost, you get six thousand pounds from the governor; you hand me four and keep two. From what you let drop, friend Jeremiah, you need some such sum of ready money to replace the cash you lost at Doncaster. Well, there you have it, and you will be spared acquaintance with the criminal court. In a month you will receive four thousand pounds interest on the loan, of which you hand the governor one thousand, retaining three, which you pay to me off what you owe the book-maker. To oblige me, he will wait. The personal accounts between you and me we will go into by-and-by. You see, friend Jeremiah, something very disagreeable, shockingly disagreeable, stares you in the face, and this is the only way out of it. I shall expect you to show your gratitude. That such a slice of luck should fall to you just in the nick of time is nothing less than miraculous. Now, then, how does the thing strike you? Farebrother will lend the money, won't he? If he doesn't, or if you have any doubt of it, I can take the diamonds somewhere else."

"I don't think," said Jeremiah, slowly, "that there is any doubt he will lend the money."

"Very well, then. Carry it through, and keep it dark. See the governor to-morrow and arrange it. You'll do it?"

"Yes."

"There's nothing more to say, then. Just see the confidence I have in you, leaving you this treasure without so much as a receipt for it. But I know you can be trusted just now, because of the fix you're in. I must see you to-morrow night to hear what you have to tell. Best not to meet at my place or yours till this little matter is concluded. Say at ten o'clock, just outside Whitechapel Church."

"You will be punctual?" said Jeremiah.

"Oh yes," said Captain Ablewhite, laughing; "I will be punctual. Ta-ta! Call to the driver to stop."

He jumped from the cab as the driver was pulling up, leaving Jeremiah to make his way back to London alone.

On the following night, at ten o'clock, they met outside Whitechapel Church, and Jeremiah informed Captain Ablewhite that Miser Farebrother had consented to lend the money. On Tuesday evening Captain Ablewhite received four thousand pounds from Jeremiah, and the gallant Captain walked off with a very peculiar smile on his face. A few hours afterward he was whirling away in the night train to Dover, bound for Italy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DE LANCEY NICOLL.

De Lancey Nicoll, who has been put in nomination for the office of District Attorney of New York by the Republican Convention, and been accepted as its candidate by the Irving Hall Democrats, and who has the general support of independent citizens, is thirty-three years of age, and was born at Bayside, Long Island, where his family still resides. The family is one which figured prominently in the colonial history of New York, one of Mr. **Nicoll's** ancestors having been the first Mayor of the city after the colony passed into the control of the English. The **De Lanceys** were another prominent family of the time, and the alliance by marriage extends also among the **Lawrences** and **Lords** and other well-known names in the annals of New York and Long Island. Young **Nicoll** entered Princeton College in 1870, having obtained his preparation chiefly in the public-schools. He was an unusually bright scholar, and on graduating in 1874 was selected on account of his rank in study and his literary proficiency to deliver the valedictory oration of his class. He received the Master's degree three years later, having in the mean time been studying law in the Law School of Columbia College, where he took his degree of Bachelor of Laws, and was admitted to the bar in this city. He entered immediately upon the practice of his profession, and very speedily made his mark by the ability and industry with which he addressed himself to its work. He had attracted the attention of the bench and bar to a degree quite unusual in so young a man, when, at the beginning of 1885, Mr. **Martine** chose him for one of the assistants in the office of District Attorney. His opportunity to show what was in him came with the prosecution of the members of the Board of Aldermen of 1884 who were accused of accepting bribes for their votes in favor of the Broadway Railroad franchise, and of those who were charged with bribing them. The difficult task was assigned to him of preparing the evidence and arguing points of law before the court. On the success with which this task was performed mainly depended the results of these trials. There had never been a conviction for bribery of a public officer under the laws of the State, and many legal points were in doubt, while in the nature of such cases the obtaining of evidence is a matter of great difficulty. The indictments were first attacked as being brought under the wrong sections of the Penal Code, and this was the chief question that went to the Court of Appeals in the first case, that of **Jaehne**. Mr. **Nicoll** made the argument for the District Attorney at every stage of the contest, and his position was upheld by the court of last resort, as it was also with reference to the admission of **Jaehne's** confession as evidence, and its sufficient corroboration by circumstances. In all the trials it fell to Mr. **Nicoll** to examine persons presented for the juries, and to argue the questions raised as to their qualifications; to open the cases for the prosecution, to prepare and arrange the testimony; to examine the witnesses and array the evidence. The result was conviction in every case tried except that of **Cleary**, upon which the jury disagreed. The most difficult and perplexing of all the cases was that of **Jacob Sharp**, the alleged chief of the bribers, and in this Mr. **Nicoll** displayed his mastery of the cases, and his consummate ability in their preparation and the conduct of the trials, in a manner to commend general admiration. In the argument of legal questions before the trial judge, the General Term of the Supreme Court, and the Court of Appeals, he placed himself in the foremost rank of advocates before the bench. As a result of his brilliant success, and the firmness with which he resisted every effort to swerve him in his course as a public prosecutor, there was a general demand for his nomination to succeed Mr. **Martine**. In the arrangement between the leaders of the two principal Democratic factions for a division of the candidates on a joint municipal ticket, the District-Attorneyship was accorded to the County Democracy, and its principal leader, Mr. **Maurice J. Power**, successfully resisted the demand for the nomination of **Nicoll**. He was then nominated by the Republican Convention, "indorsed" by Irving Hall, and supported by a great public meeting at the Cooper Union, in which prominent citizens of both parties took a conspicuous part.

SPORT ON THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

Inexhaustible as the supply of game in this country at one time seemed to be, people who shoot have awakened to the fact that it is fast becoming depleted. Even in the West it is rapidly growing scarce, and every few years we find that we must extend our journeys in search of it, leaving behind us places where once we enjoyed the acme of fine shooting. This has occasioned a great many sportsmen to give up keeping hunting dogs, and to fall back upon wild-fowl shooting, which still remains good in certain localities. This has occasioned the rental of almost every available spot where such shooting can be found, not only on the Atlantic seaboard, but inland on the marshes adjacent to our great lakes. One of these famous places is the St. Clair Flats, above Detroit, Michigan, which during the spring and autumn teem with ducks of many edible varieties. For years past these marshes have been a favorite resort for sportsmen from the United States and Canada. At first the shooting there could only be attained by a great amount of roughing it, but later on different cliques of shooters banded themselves together, and under regularly organized associations, built comfortable club-houses at points on the marshes where the best sport was close at hand. There are now over a dozen of these houses scattered over the St. Clair Flats, the most recent one being the very handsome building of the St. Clair Shooting and Fishing Club, of which we furnish an illustration. In all its appointments it is a model in its way, and a luxurious home for its members after a long day's ducking or angling. From the early spring until severe winter sets in, the club-houses are thronged with members and their friends. Those on the American side are located on the main channel of the St. Clair River, and are for fishing principally and for outing in the summer season. They are easily reached by boats running twice a day from Detroit, while some of the members own private steam-yachts. None of the marshes on the American side of the Flats is preserved, as they cannot be leased from the government. Still at times some very good shooting is to be had, but, from the great number of guns, the ducks are very wild and hard to get at. Not so on the Canadian side, where vast tracts of marsh-lands are leased from the Indians, and are preserved with great care, and on each of which from two to four thousand ducks are killed every season. The season opens on August 15th, but the big shooting does not begin until the middle of October; at this time very large bags are sometimes made, one of 145 big ducks being made several seasons ago by **George Warin**, the famous one-armed Toronto shell-boat builder, who is considered the finest duck-shot in Canada. What is more extraordinary, Mr. **Warin** killed these ducks using four brass shells, which he kept reloading between the shots.

As the description of this famous ducking ground will be interesting to Eastern sportsmen, it may be said that the St. Clair River branches out into a number of channels at Algonack. These channels form a delta of marsh extending from the American to the Canadian main-land, about thirty-five miles, and about twelve miles in depth, that is, from where they branch out to Lake St. Clair. The channels running through Canadian territory are the Basset, the Jimetogan or Jimetaugan, the Johnson, and the Suy Ecarte—all the channels are called Suy, or Shuy. The principal channels on the American side are the North Channel and Suy Boro. First on the Canadian side comes the Walpole Island and preserve. It is leased from the Indians; the upper end of the island being high, it was set apart formerly for an Indian reserve. The ground is good bottom, with about from one to two feet of water. There are large ponds throughout filled with duck-weed, but no wild rice. Early in the season, before October 1st, wood-duck and blue-winged teal are found in these ponds. Later on come the big ducks as black and gray (mallards), gray ducks, pintails, and widgeon. The first two named are the drake and duck mallards, but on the St. Clair Flats only the drake is called a mallard. At the lower end of the island canvas-backs, red-heads, blue-bills, and all the other open-water varieties of ducks are found. The channels, having a current at from two to three miles an hour, remain open late, and good shooting is often obtained late in December. Some seasons the lake does not all freeze up, and then canvas-backs and red-heads remain there all winter.

Next to Walpole, and divided from it by the Johnson Channel, comes St. Anne's Island Fishing and Shooting Preserve, also leased from the Indians. The ground on the upper end is similar to Walpole, but the lower end is composed of open bays and ponds filled with wild rice. All kinds of ducks are found here. Grassy Point, at the southern extremity, is a splendid spot for canvas-backs. On this preserve very fine wood-duck shooting is had punting through the rice in September; there is also very good black-bass fishing in the Suy Ecarte, which bounds the west side of the island. This is the most easterly channel of the St. Clair, and it empties into the lake at Grassy Point. Still further on comes the Mud Creek Preserve, noted for its splendid rice beds, and then Big Point Preserve, one of the best ducking grounds on the Flats. The last two are owned in fee. Mitchell's Bay, just east of the Shuy Ecarte, is a famous spawning ground for bass, which come there in May and June to cast their eggs, and leave for the cooler waters of the numerous channels, where they furnish sport for hundreds of anglers, who make the club-houses on the main channel their head-quarters. The Canadians are not pleased at being prohibited from catching the fish in the spring, the only time they visit them. They say they object to keeping a preserve for the benefit of Uncle Sam. The law prohibits fishing between April 15th and June 15th.

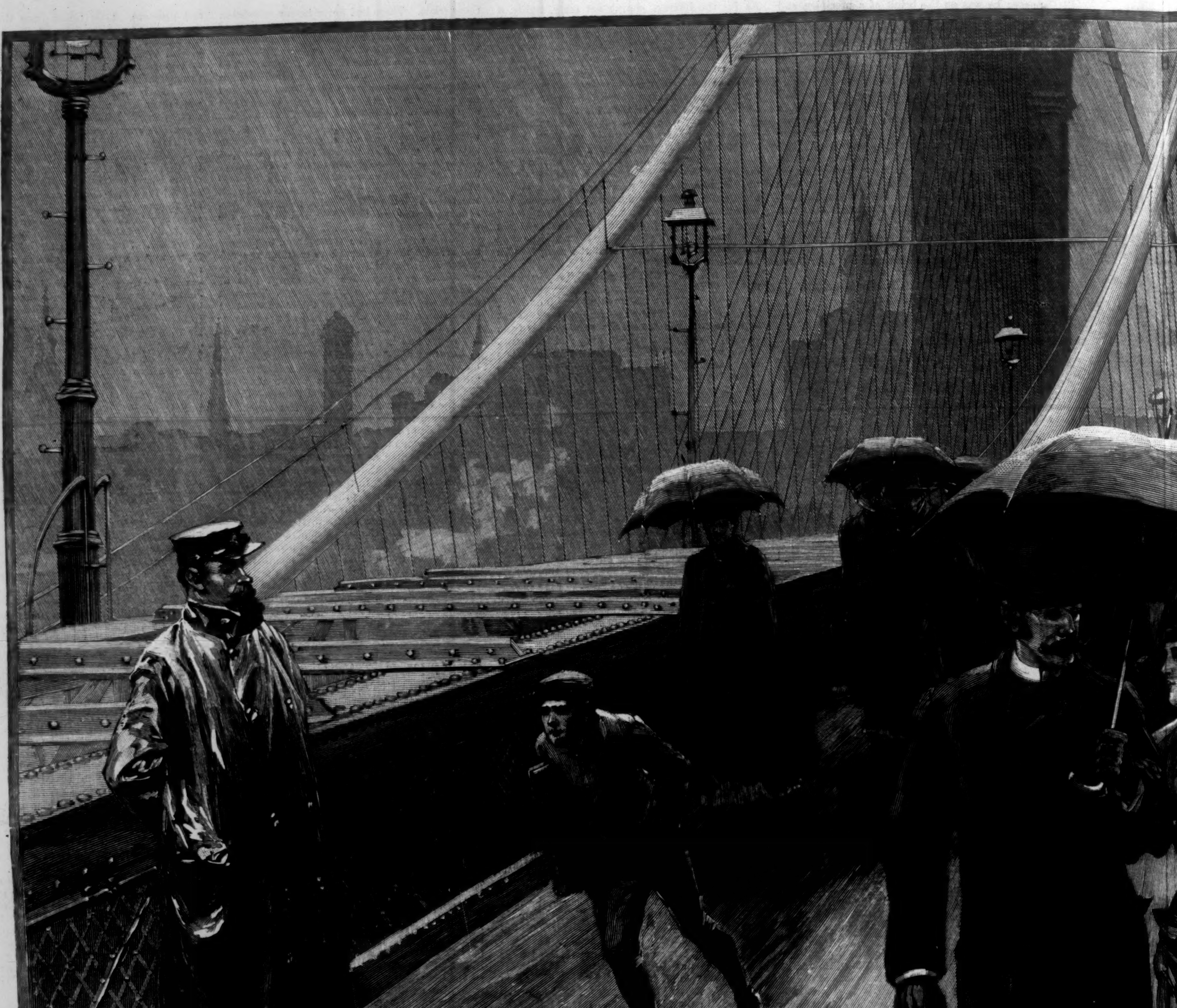
In the spring a great many geese and swans are killed, but very few visit these marshes in the autumn. The methods of shooting vary according to the season and variety of fowl hunted. In the early season, say before October, the shooting is done by punting. The punters are French Canadians and Indians. The boats used are principally rice-lake canoes. The punter stands in the stern with a ten-foot paddle, and pushes the canoe through the rice beds. The ducks rise in front at close range, and afford magnificent shooting. The dead birds are boated by the punters, who are well skilled in marking the birds shot down. The Indians are especially clever at this, and are noted for the noiseless way in which they get a boat through the reeds and rice. After October 1st the shooting is over decoys and at the flights of ducks as they pass in the morning in the rice beds, where the big ducks come in to feed all night on the rice, leaving again early in the morning. Most of the clubs prohibit shooting after sundown. The shooting this season has been rather poor, but will improve as the weather grows colder.

Franklin Satterthwaite.

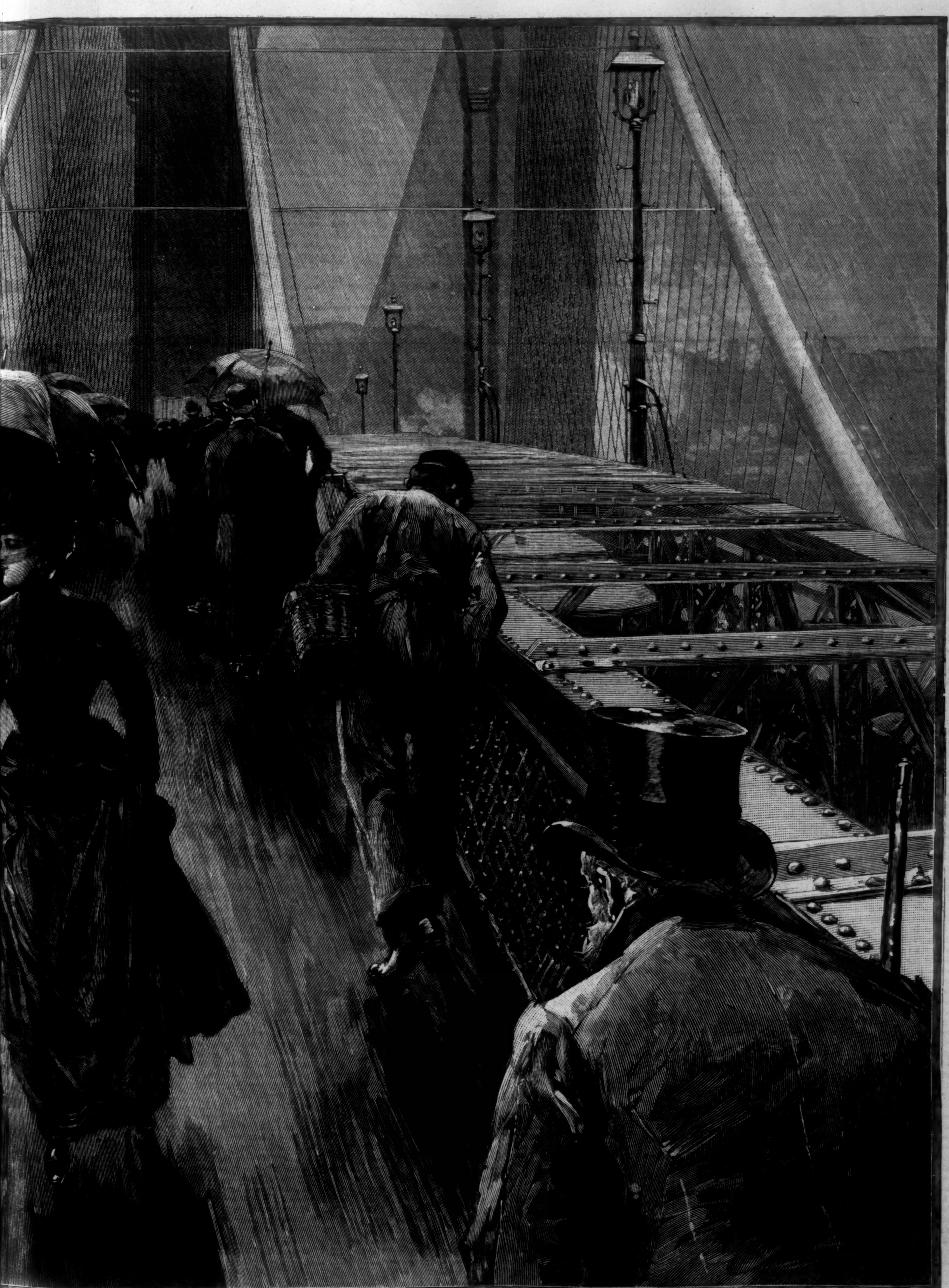
THE TURBULENT CROWS.

The Crow Indians have long been faithful, brave, and efficient allies of our troops in warfare with the Sioux and other tribes. Their reservation in northern Montana contains over 5,000,000 acres, much of it fine farming land, and the surplus above the needs or possible uses of the tribe is greatly coveted by neighboring settlers, a part of whom encroach upon it, while others have leased tracts of it for grazing. Some years ago the Crows made peace with their old enemies the Sioux, who, in the friendly visits thereupon exchanged, sometimes rallied them upon being less favored, after having fought the white man's battles, than tribes that had gone upon the war-path against him. The young bucks, while smarting under these reproaches, did not wholly lack warlike exercises. In northern Montana the Gros Ventres, Assiniboines, Piegans, Bloods, and Blackfeet have long been in the habit of stealing horses from each other and from the Crows, and the Crows have specially suffered from Piegan raids, which led to pursuits and recaptures. This year a score or so of young Crow braves, headed by **Thunder-and-Lightning**, an ambitious youth, and another young chief, who recently won the title of Sword-Bearer from his fortitude under the voluntary competitive tortures of the sun dance, at a Sioux or Cheyenne agency, took the aggressive against the Piegans, and captured about sixty horses. This seems to have been done just after the Piegan agent had prevented his Indians from attempting a raid on the Crows.

Reaching home, the Crow marauders were celebrating their victory, when their agent sought to arrest them with his force of Indian police. Previous arrests for the same offence had easily been made, but this one did not succeed. Then followed a counter demonstration of the Crow raiders against the agency buildings, of which we give a sketch in the present number of the **Weekly**. The affair was intended only as a defiance, and the shots were so directed that no one was harmed. But the agent's prompt call for troops from the neighboring post, Fort Custer, was followed by the clustering of the rioters in a hostile attitude at a distance from the agency. Thus the opposing forces remain, as we write, with much doubt existing as to the outcome of the grave situation.


THULSTRUP '87

A WET DAY ON THE EAST RIVER BRIDG



GE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 807.]

QUEER CORNERS IN CANADA.

SAINT EUSTACHE.

We were sitting on the veranda of a summer cottage at Longueuil, when, for the second time within twenty-four hours, we heard the name Saint Eustache. It was a lovely summer evening, warm and still. The lights of Montreal were blinking at us across the St. Lawrence. The moon was pushing out from a bank of clouds a mile or so up the river. She lit up the tree-tops of St. Helen's Island, which looked like a big bouquet of ferns rising from a silver platter. Below, the placid surface of the river was broken only by the rippling wake of a cedar *chaloupe*, which bore to their summer retreat at Maisonneuve three Jesuit neophytes, who had been making an evening call. The rowers were chanting a Latin hymn, to whose rhythm they timed their stroke. As they sped on, the darkness, closing round their black robes, obscured their identity as well. The laughing, gossiping boys of the early evening vanished, and in their places we saw the Brébœuf, the *fougue* of centuries gone, but not dead here, the pioneers of New France, with "the greater glory of God" for sign and countersign, the cross for arms, and for reward, torture and death.

But to return to Saint Eustache. It had been mentioned to us in the morning as the name of a village which is a representative survival of Old France in the province of Quebec. In the evening it was spoken again by a little boy poring over a book entitled "The 37–38." The book, he said, was a record of "great excitements" which had happened fifty years ago at Saint Eustache. Frankly avowing our ignorance, we asked for particular information about these "great excitements." In a very short time Edmond's knowledge was ours. In the late afternoon of the next day we turned our faces from Montreal northward toward Saint Eustache. You may go there by rail or by the Queen's high-road. Whichever way you choose, in July, you seem to be whirling along through a sea of color, with a deep blue sky for horizon. You are really cutting across wide meadows, their green bosom gorgeously bedecked with buttercups and clover, with daisies blue and white and yellow. The only rest for the eye, roaming over these dazzling plains, is an occasional group of elms or maples, which nod about an episodical stone house, shade a rapid stream, or define a grass-grown by-way. Having chosen to go by rail, after a two-hours' journey we arrived at Saint Eustache. Alighting from the train, we asked a boy to direct us to the inn of Monsieur Goulet. At least a dozen boys at once proclaimed the location of the inn, and their polite intention of showing us the way thither. They seized our bags and bundles and charged down a narrow lane, ankle-deep in black mud. The assault was directed against a long gray house looking across a street straight down the lane. In less time than it takes to tell we had crossed the threshold and demanded rest and refreshment. The comfort of the arrangements for the former, we saw at a glance, was greater than our expectation. The beds were of fresh-smelling straw, and the cleanliness of whitewashed walls and wooden floors was aggressive. The French windows, with deep casements and tiny panes, looked, from the front, on the *Grande Rue;* from the back, on a court surrounded by whitewashed open stalls.

Our grave doubts about the probable quality of the refreshment were as pleasantly dissipated by the supper. It was excellent. We had yet to learn that Madame Goulet's personal attention, bestowed in whatever direction, guaranteed one result—excellence. Yet one need not be a seer to infer as much from looking at her. Every turn of her figure, square, strong, and trim, denotes energy. Capability radiates from her smooth jet-black hair, and snaps out of her keen black eyes. As for her tongue, rust is an experience yet in store for it. By the time supper was finished we were intimately acquainted with all the families of Saint Eustache worth talking about. Of the character and financial standing of the notables we had a very definite idea, and about Monsieur Goulet we apparently knew all there was to know. He had been drawn in a sentence: "He can keep the bar, and in politics he is great—oh, great, I assure you. But for other things? Well, what would you have? He is a man."

Of the "great excitements" at Saint Eustache madame would say nothing. They were over when she came there, had been over for thirty years. It was enough for her to take care of the inn, and to see that, for her children's sake, the receipts were not wasted. For the rest, what profit was there in fatiguing one's self with the stupid past? We admitted at once that such an occupation was singularly profitless; nevertheless we presently walked out of the inn with deliberate intention to give the despised past precedence in our interest.

As we strolled up the *Grande Rue* we observed that the habitations on each side might be more correctly called roofs than houses; also that the proportion of land to water in the village is about equal. The rivers Mille Iles and Du Chêne run about the fields at will; and indeed they stray over the whole parish in most wayward fashion. These roops and rivers quite absorbed us, until we came to a sharp, willow-fringed point. Here our attention was diverted, and our progress stopped by a long line of solid masonry. We had come involuntarily straight to the enduring visible link between the present and the past. We sat down on the steps of a rickety wooden pulpit in the middle of a bare square, and inspected at leisure the parish church, flanked by the convent and *presbytère*. The stillness was profound, the silence unbroken. Up and down the veranda of the *presbytère* a priest moved softly, his eyes bent on his breviary. The pale face of a nun, framed in her white cornet, showed from a window of the convent. The tall bell towers of the church cast black shadows on the square. On exactly the same scene the summer sun had set for nearly two hundred years. For America here was a bit of very remote antiquity.

We had the impression at the moment—and later explorations confirmed it—that there is no better surviving example of the idea which inspired ecclesiastical architecture in Canada than this church of Saint Eustache. The façade, about eighty feet high and fifty wide, is of rough-hewn gray stone, its flatness broken only by a heavy stone cornice, running above three round-arched entrances, and beneath three long windows with small lead-cased panes. On each side a square stone tower rises from the ground to a height of one hundred and twenty feet, terminating in a rounded belfry. The church is of no definite era, country, or style. It is simply an adaptation of available means to the imperative end that a people isolated from all luxury and material evidence of class distinctions should have constantly before them a symbol of the universal, eternal power of the Church.

While we sat on our precarious perch a figure quite in harmony with the scene emerged from the shadow of the convent wall. His head and feet at once engaged our respectful curiosity. On the one he wore the national *toque bleu*, of knitted wool; on the other, *sabots*, suggesting by size and shape that they had been intended primarily for the transportation of infants by water rather than of old men by land. He was tall and very lean, with big aquiline nose and pointed chin. After exchange of salutations he accepted a seat beside us. We hoped that he might be an *ancien*, as they call the surviving active participants in the excitements of "37–38." We were longing for a verbal account of the events narrated in Edmond's fiery chronicle, of which the preliminary explanatory paragraph runs thus: "The rebellion of '37–'38 was the issue of a fifty-years' struggle for religious, political, and national rights (which had been guaranteed the *Canadiens* by treaty, 1763), a struggle of every day and every hour against Governors and officials who had undertaken to anglicize us, and to make of Quebec another Ireland. It meant that we would no longer submit to be insulted, despised, humiliated, and robbed by a mob that scoffed at all law, divine and human."

To those still as ignorant as we so recently had been, a less impassioned and more direct statement of the difficulty may be instructive. The truth is that the *Canadiens*, exasperated by the arrogance and extortion of English officials, resolved, after years of expostulation, to fight for their rights. After quelling the riots in Montreal, and crushing the insurgents in the counties along the Richelieu, the British commander-in-chief marshalled his forces in the North. He directed his attack against the hot-bed of treason, the County of Two Mountains, and Saint Eustache was the scene of the only notable fight of a spirited, pitiable, but not wholly futile insurrection. We speedily found out that our chance acquaintance, Benjamin Lefèvre, now keeper of the toll-bridge across the Mille Iles, had been a *patriote* fifty years ago, and required no urging to tell his tale.

"It was in September," he said, "that we knew we must fight the English. The word was passed round the county, from Saint Scholastique to Saint Jérôme, to Saint Bénoît, to Saint Eustache. From that day no work was done by the men. The women reaped and gathered and stored the crops. I myself, twenty years old (and a *beau garçon*, mesdames, though there is so little now to show for it), did nothing but run about, and talk, and talk. I was the special messenger of Chenier. Ah! the great Chenier!" Here Lefèvre pulled off his toque. "Other places had their Papineau, their Girouard, their Masson, but we had our Chenier. He died for us, mesdames. In November the English Governor put a price on his head. It would have been worth $2000 to betray him. Not a man of us, for all the riches of all the English, would have done it. It was then that the call came for the North to arm. To arm! What had we to arm with? A wooden cannon, not finished, at Saint Benoît, and a couple of hundred old muskets and shot-guns. The call came in November by Girod. Girod said Papineau had sent him. He said he had had great experience in fighting. And so, when we had fifteen hundred men gathered in Saint Eustache, he was named commander. It was Chenier who wished it—the good, the modest Chenier! He had had great experience in lying, that devil of a Girod! Chenier could not hold the men together long. There was the scarcity of arms and of food. Besides, there was M. Paquin, the curé, and his vicar, M. Desêve, going about night and day and urging the men to go home quietly. Good men both, but mistaken!

"Yet perhaps they only did what they were told by their superiors. I have thought so. On Sunday afternoon in December comes M. Turcotte, curé of Sainte Rose, in great haste, up the river on his sledge. He runs into the *presbytère*. Presently out runs a messenger for Chenier, and back goes Chenier with him to the *presbytère*. It was Chenier himself who told me what happened. M. Turcotte had brought the news of the defeat at Saint Charles, and he and M. Paquin wanted Chenier to give in. 'I may die,' says the brave Chenier, 'but I will never surrender. You might as well try to calm the raging sea as to deter me.'

"So it was decided. And Chenier was young too, only thirty, with a young wife and child. It was on the 13th of December that the alarm was given of a body of troops marching on the village. It was very cold, and the ice had taken in the river, but there was little snow; therefore the men moved easily. Girod made the reconnoissance. He reported that there were only eighty-four men, volunteers under Maxime Globenski, a man of Saint Eustache! That was horrible! We burned to exterminate him and his creatures. Girod protested that there were no more enemies within half a day's march, and showed what advantage we would gain by a victory over the advance. So we sallied out, along the square there, toward Globenski, who had taken a position at the far end of the village. About four hundred men, we others, and half with only knives and sticks for arms. We were not drilled; we ran like savages. Just as we came within shooting range there was a roar and a rattle behind us. Sir John Colborne had come up by the river and opened fire on our rear. He commanded a force of 2000 infantry, 120 cavalry, and had eight pieces of artillery. We turned and ran back like sheep into the village. Some of us took refuge in the *presbytère*, some in the house of Mr. Scott—you see it over there, the fine new house; but the stone front is the old front. Some of us fired from those windows so hotly that day that the English fell back and rested. Then, seeing that most of us had retreated to the church, they turned all their guns on that.

"Two hundred and fifty of us were in the church with Chenier, and only eighty guns among us. When we spoke of that, Chenier said, 'Never mind; some will be killed, and the rest can use their guns.' You see the *sang-froid* of Chenier! As the English crossed the village they set fire to it, and from the church windows we saw our homes burning, our women and children flying over the snow. They attacked the *presbytère*. My cousin Fouquet held it for an hour. Then he and half a dozen made a *sortie*, and were shot dead right there by the gate. The English went in and upset the stove, and soon, like the village, the *presbytère* was in flames. All the time the balls and bullets were pelting at the church. They smashed the windows all above the cornice there, and flattened by dozens against the façade. Come and see."

We went, and saw small holes by the hundred, and further, that the cornice was broken and many a stone scarred by the artillery.

"But you will see," Lefèvre went on, "that the English could not destroy what God and Saint Eustache protected. For three hours and a half they bombarded us. Then the roof took fire. Many of our men, losing heart, jumped from the windows, and were instantly killed by the fall or by the English bullets. I will tell the truth, mesdames, and say that, of all who remained, only Chenier was unwilling to surrender. I myself would have run away, but that, seeing what I saw, it seemed to me safer to stay. When brands from the burning roof began to fall upon us, Chenier said, 'We must jump; I at least shall die fighting.'

"So he jumped from the side window into the cemetery, and all of us after him. Come round and I will show you the spot."

We followed the *ancien* into the old cemetery between the convent and the church. He pointed to a mound grown with nettles and some coarse yellow lilies.

"It was there that Chenier alighted, and at once snatched up his gun and fired at the English. The rest of us scampered to the shelter of the trees. I stood for a minute behind that big maple, and looked back. My brother did the same. A bullet struck his head, and he fell dead beside me. As I looked I saw Chenier fall. Then he snatched at his gun and tried to fire. But it dropped from his hands. He fell on his face, with his arms flung out. Then I knew that the cause was lost, for Chenier was the cause in the North, and Chenier was dead."

Here the *ancien* took off his toque again.

"And after?" we questioned.

"Well, after, a good many of us sneaked away into the woods, and didn't dare to show our noses till the English were well out of the way. Then there was no more fighting in the North, for, you see, there had been but one Chenier."

"And Girod?"

"Ah, Girod, *sacré!* coward of cowards! He stole a horse and rode away before the bombardment. Maxime Globenski sent his volunteers after, and they caught him hiding in the house of a friend, away down the river, near Pointe aux Trembles. There, some say, he blew his brains out to escape captivity; others say a volunteer slew him. I think the last: such cowards hold strong to life. But, you see, we were right to fight. We got what we wanted."

It had not appeared that the *ancien* was any clearer than old Casper on "what it was all about." He had wanted excitement, and he had got enough of that to last a lifetime.

"For you may believe it," he went on, "the English paid for our losses in money, dollar for dollar. And the English do not pay when they have been in the right. Now and ever since we have all that we need—all that we desire. Is not that to be happy?"

We had no disposition to dissent from this definition of happiness. "And since that nothing has happened at Saint Eustache?" we asked.

"Nothing worth speaking of till this evening, when mesdames come from so far to listen to an old man's gossip."

It was quite dark now, so we bade Lefèvre good-night, and turned homeward. Very vivid to us was the picture of a tragedy of which half the world had never heard. Very life-like to us the figure of Chenier. Surely he was a hero! Modest, yet bold; cool, yet rashly brave; his convictions as impassioned, his motives as impersonal, as his failure was disastrous and complete. Here, where we were walking, all the horrors of war had raged for a little while fast and furious — famine and siege, fire, rapine, and slaughter: no incident lacking to finish the two-sided picture of victory easily won, and of defeat far more fameworthy, since it represented a desperate stroke for sacred principles.

Annie Robertson Macfarlane.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.

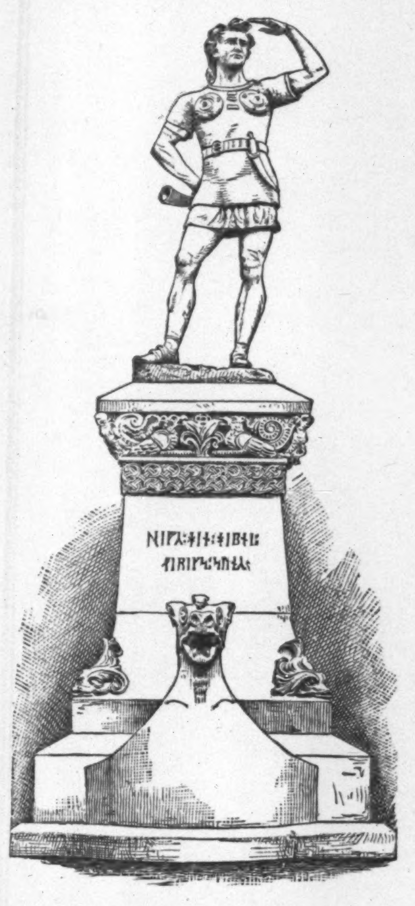
The Territory of Minnesota was created by act of Congress March 3, 1849. On the 13th of February, 1851, the Territorial Legislature passed a law providing for the establishment of the University of Minnesota, to be located at or near the Falls of St. Anthony. Six days later Congress appropriated "a quantity of public lands not exceeding two entire townships," for the use and support of the University. At this time the population of the Territory was small, the people were poor, there were no schools in which students could be trained for college work, and except as a provision for future needs a university was as impossible as it was uncalled-for. A preparatory department, however, was opened in November, 1851, and was continued for three years. Then the site of the institution was changed. In 1856 the south wing of the present main building was erected. The State Constitution was adopted in October, 1857, and made generous provision for the "University of the State of Minnesota." But the institution had become involved in debt in the erection of the building, the financial reverses of 1857–8 followed, and the building was unoccupied for years. The war came on in 1861, and for four years engaged the attention of the people, and commanded the services of most of the men able to bear arms. In 1864 the Legislature appointed a special committee, of which John S. Pillsbury was chairman, with full power to sell property and pay debts. The board was occupied with this duty until 1867, and then reported the indebtedness liquidated by the sale of lands. For its salvation in this crisis, as well as for its prosperity since, the University is very largely indebted to the ability and unfailing interest of ex-Governor Pillsbury.

In October, 1867, the preparatory department was again opened, with three teachers, in the University building, which had stood empty for nearly ten years. It was not till the summer of 1869 that arrangements were made for beginning college work proper. A faculty consisting of nine gentlemen were elected, and on the 13th of September entered upon their duties. The University is therefore in reality only eighteen years old. It consists at the present time of a College or Department of Science, Literature, and the Arts, with three courses of study; a College of Agriculture (the land grant of the general government for colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts having been given by the State to the University); a College of Mechanic Arts, with courses in civil engineering, mechanical engineering, and electrical engineering, together with various kinds of shop-work in wood and iron; a College of Medicine, not yet organized as a teaching school, but to be organized as such in 1889; and a Department of Law, to be organized at the same time, the organization of these two departments depending upon the expected appropriations by the Legislature. There is also a Graduate Department, in which graduates of colleges can pursue their studies either as candidates for a higher degree or not, as they choose.

The faculty of the University consists of the President, eighteen professors, besides the medical professors, and nine instructors. The library contains about twenty-one thousand volumes. The museums are rich in geological, mineralogical, archæological, and zoological specimens. The geological and natural history survey of the State is in charge of the University. The first volume of the report was published in 1884, and the second volume is in press. The buildings of the University are five in number, with the foundations laid for a sixth, and the plans and specifications approved for a seventh. The main building is 186 feet in length, 90 feet in breadth, three stories high above the basement, and contains fifty-three rooms. The building is of stone. The Agricultural College is 146 feet long and 54 feet wide. It is built of brick. Attached to this is a plant-house. The College of Mechanic Arts is of red brick with brown-stone trimmings, and is 89 feet long and 53 feet wide, not including the wing. This building contains $10,000 worth of machinery for the instruction in mechanical engineering and for shop-work. The Drill Hall is so constructed as to serve the purpose of an assembly hall, and will seat with comfort 3500 people. The annual Commencements and the baccalaureate services are held here. The Science Hall and Museum, the foundations of which are laid, will be built of stone, and will be 245 feet in length and 70 feet in breadth, except the wings, which will be 50 feet in breadth.

About two miles from the University is the experimental farm of the Agricultural College, consisting of 250 acres of most valuable land, on which there is a model farm-house, with farm buildings in keeping with it. The University is situated in the city of Minneapolis, about a mile below and in full view of the Falls of St. Anthony. The grounds are about forty-five acres in extent, well wooded with native trees, and of great natural beauty. The number of students is between four and five hundred. Tuition is absolutely free, not only to the students of Minnesota, but to any one who chooses to enter the institution and can pass the entrance examinations. A fee of five dollars a year for incidental expenses is the only charge.

The President of the University from 1869 to 1884 was William W. Folwell, LL.D., who was called from a professorship in Kenyon College, Ohio, and to whom is due the credit of organizing in a thoroughly systematic manner the University of Minnesota, and of giving it a fair start in its career. Dr. Folwell is at present Professor of Political Science and Librarian of the University. The President of the University at the present time is Cyrus Northrop, LL.D., who was called from a professorship in Yale College to the Presidency of the University in 1884. Under his administration the University is prospering; and with an able faculty, among whom are graduates of nearly all the older colleges of the country, the prospect for the future of the University is all that its friends could desire.



THE NORSE DISCOVERER OF AMERICA.

The statue of Leif Erikson, the Norse-Icelandic discoverer of the American continent, A.D. 1000, was unveiled on the 29th of October in Boston. The picture of it given above was made from a photograph by Messrs. Allen & Rowell. It stands at the entrance to the new Back Bay Park, and is the work of Miss Anne Whitney. It represents a man of physical beauty, strong and supple—

> "Trained for either camp or court,
> Skilful in each manly sport,
> Young and beautiful and tall"—

the head and face noble, that of the scald as well as the daring explorer. The Norse pedestal, with its bronze reliefs, presents him in both characters. At the Yule feast, with the old father Eric in the high seat, leaning forward in his chair, while the eager group of listeners press about, Leif is seen relating to them his adventures in Vinland: in those days eloquence as well as bravery was demanded of the man of mark. The armor of the men hangs on the wall back of the long table on which rest the ale horns, often raised, we may be sure, with a hearty "skaal" to "Leif the Lucky." The opposite relief pictures the landing in Vinland. The row-boat is being drawn up on shore by the men below; others are climbing the cliff to overtake Leif, who already stands above, looking out over the new land; that look prophetic of the future, of the later republic founded by kinsmen of the Icelanders, who for love of liberty dared the harshness of the bleak New England, as the Norsemen before them had braved the rigors of that uninhabited Iceland, with its geysers and jokuls, in the ninth century, to establish their republic of law and letters. The knit brow and noble bearing of Leif tell not only of the firm resolve and daring of the explorer, but also that he was a worthy forerunner of the Pilgrims.

But it will be said what right has the sculptor to represent thus the rude Berserk nature, men dreaded as fiends in human form by the monks of old? This tribute of fear was no doubt called out by the ruthless, often barbarous, cruelties of viking invaders or conquerors, who only exceeded in reckless daring the same in kind of the Anglo-Saxons. It was a period when men were atrocious to those they held to be foreign to their belief or blood; but these same Northmen came out from countries where they had laws that secured to them their gains; and they could subordinate themselves, they could endure discipline, with self-respect, for the general good. The old Icelandic literature, known to all the people because it was recited and preserved in the vernacular, developed under little or no extraneous influence, far exceeds in amount all the other early Teutonic dialects—Gothic, Old High German, Saxon, Frisian, and Anglo-Saxon. The Icelanders never sent out a single viking at any period on any expedition. Leif Erikson was sent to Greenland by King Olaf of Norway to introduce Christianity there. His father, Erik the Red, was the last person to be baptized. The old Sagas are simple, plain, historical narrative, and are so considered by all critical students. Beside the Northern antiquaries and historians, the names of Laing, Beamish, Wheaton, Alexander von Humboldt, Konrad Maurer, and Riant should be mentioned as having written critically of these records, while George P. Marsh, Willard Fisk, Andersen, and many others, have paid their tributes to the literature. The Icelandic is essential to a full knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon.

Again the pedestal, with its dragon-head of the old Northern boat and the curling tail of the stern, suggests the maritime life of the Northmen—the sea, which was their home, and caused them to be known as invaders, conquerors, crusaders, as well as rulers of so many countries, from Russia to Constantinople, Palestine, the Spanish Peninsula, Great Britain, and Normandy. The runic stones and records have preserved their exploits, which compare favorably with those of the most distinguished navigators of the nineteenth century. Recalling all this, Miss Whitney deserves the thanks of Americans for having chosen as the type of the Northmen their ancestors, not the Berserk warrior, but the Iceland merchant, explorer, and Christian, as Leif Erikson truly was.

In the opening address of the dedication ceremonies, the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale made the following acknowledgment of the services of the originator of the movement of which this statue is the result: "For the beautiful monument to be unveiled to-day we must, first of all, express our gratitude to Ole Bull, the distinguished artist, who did so much in many years to bring Norway and her history close to hearts of Americans. He had himself brought the messenger dove to these cheerful lands, where, in another age, the raven had flown over a wilderness and had not found a permanent place where he might dwell. Ole Bull was proud of his country's history; he was proud of the great achievement which well marked the end of the first millennium of Christianity, and he was determined that a fit memorial of that achievement should be preserved in bronze or in marble. For that memorial, what place more fit than this city of ours, at the head of the bay where, we may well suppose, those brave adventurers entered?"

A RAINY DAY ON THE BRIDGE.

Under its ordinary fair-weather aspects the great suspension-bridge between New York and Brooklyn is one of the sights of the metropolis, and few visitors to the city fail to see it. Engineers and architects study "resultant strains," and watch the expansion slides at central spans; newly arrived immigrants walk across in oddly dressed family groups, gazing with wondering eyes at the tremendous sweep of the cables; teachers bring their classes to hear a walking lecture on constructive art; and the amateur photographer sets up his camera, only to be asked by the watchful policeman if he has a permit from the superintendent. But all these casual sightseers form but a small fraction of the multitudes who use the bridge as a regular means of transit. On a fine day there is a ceaseless procession of pedestrians setting westward in the morning and eastward in the afternoon—lovers of fresh air most of them, who are confined in the close air of office or workshop during business hours.

There are many days, however, when the fresh-air contingent is largely reduced in numbers, but even in stress of weather there is a respectable showing of foot-passengers. To one who is clad in a good ulster-like water-proof coat, and wears head-gear that causes him no anxiety, it is by no means an unpleasant experience to tramp sturdily across the long foot-way with the wind at his back. The familiar perspective of wire cables and iron truss-girders puts on a different aspect at such times; a gray transparent veil is drawn over the background of masts, spires, and house-tops; spiral brooklets chase one another down the strands of wire, and are whisked off by the wind before they can fill their narrow channels. On the broad tops of iron railings shallower and slower streams accumulate, but they too are blown off almost before they are deep enough to float the peanut shells which the omnipresent small boy endeavors to launch thereon. From some point of vantage, as at the raised tower platforms, one may note the result of all this drainage in a sheet of water almost continuous that drips and pours from the leeward side of the bridge into the river below. The very best place to observe this, however, is from a canoe passing underneath the bridge. See how the steersman of yonder lighter pulls up the collar of his oil-skin coat and settles his sou'wester on his head as he nears the shower-bath. Now he is in it, and no doubt he anathematizes the bridge and all its appurtenances as the heavy streams drench his deck and emphasize the patchwork of his ancient mainsail.

At all events, this is better than when the bridge is shedding its coat of mail after an ice-storm. Then indeed the situation becomes dangerous, and it is often necessary to close the bridge to foot passengers for fear of accidents. Every cable is encased in ice, and as the temperature rises, fragments often several feet long are detached, and fall with such momentum as to endanger any unprotected head. It is by no means impossible that a light boat passing on the river might be sunk by one of these missiles descending endwise upon the thin planking.

A high wind is not without its attractive and amusing features to bridge pedestrians, but the adventurer should be enough of a sailor to know which way the wind blows before leaving the shelter of the station. Especially is this true in respect to wearers of skirts, who are good sailors "running free," but absolutely helpless in a "thrash to windward."

On a certain day of last winter the writer walked over from Brooklyn with a fifty-mile gale at his back, and being not altogether destitute of athletic proclivities, enjoyed the whole trip immensely, albeit he was forced repeatedly to come to temporary moorings at exposed points, and was instrumental in assisting several fellow-voyagers who were being run away with. As he entered the New York terminus he met two ladies with a masculine escort bound to the eastward, and ventured, as courteously as he knew, to warn them—of course addressing himself to the escort—against proceeding. The only response was a stare which plainly said, "Mind your own business." The temptation was irresistible to stand upon the covered way and watch the inevitable discomfiture of the party, which was not long delayed. They came down the wind under full sail, the women in a decidedly dismantled state, having lost some of their light canvas, while the man had much ado to render himself effective as a "drag." Mere human considerateness prompted a retreat before the demoralized trio finally made port; but there is immense satisfaction in soliloquizing, "I told you so!"

Our artist has caught the perspective of the main promenade under a steady downpour which has surprised a good many foot-passengers who counted upon half an hour or so between showers. Some of them have umbrellas or are provided with water-proofs, but a goodly proportion must needs take the wetting they have courted, and make the best of it. It is not very likely that many of our readers will deliberately face any very unpropitious meteorological conditions in search of the picturesque, but such of them as cherish a wholesome contempt for trifling discomforts, and are blessed with vigorous constitutions, may find unexpected entertainment on the bridge when the storm-signals are hoisted upon "Old Probability's" flag-staff.

Charles Ledyard Norton.

GARDENS AND GIRLS.

A lovely girl, and at her waist
  An acre, more or less, of bloom,
That, closely to her bosom laced,
  Faints quickly in the heated room.

A lovely garden, full of flowers,
  And in their midst a charming girl,
Who lingers there for radiant hours,
  Lured from the gay world's maddening whirl.

The flowers held her as their prize;
  And should you ask me which that day,
Methinks the garden, to my eyes,
  Wore prettiest *corsage bouquet*. A. W. R.

A PALACE OF PLEASURE.

New York grows with such rapidity, and the people of her suburbs are served with so much more convenient rail and ferry accommodations than of old, that the supply of edifices for spectacles of various kinds does not keep pace with the demand. The project which is illustrated this week with designs obtained from the architects has been considered for several years. A competition was opened by Professor Ware, of Columbia College, and designs obtained from six firms, among which were three containing the best talent in architecture. When the successful plan was announced the authors thereof were found to be Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, of New York.

This success was less of a surprise in view of the prizes taken by the firm in other cities under like terms of competition, and considering that to these young architects the commission for the Public Library of Boston has been given outright. Our illustrations show the main features of the end of the projected building which will be most seen, owing to the remarkable qualities of its site as a point of view in New York; any variations therefore during the course of erection will be comparatively slight, and such as will improve the general aspect. The interior will follow a plan which offers an unusual number of places of amusement packed into one design.

Madison Square Garden, owing to its happy location, and what may be termed the "good-will" of the spot, arising from the habit of citizens to go there for amusements of various kinds, has been marked these many years as the place for some building of public entertainment much finer than the present structure. At first an opera was thought of, but the establishment of the Metropolitan put that out of the question. A theatre alone would not cover the site. It was determined to erect a composite edifice embracing a hippodrome, theatre, ballroom, restaurant, concert hall, and summer garden, thus forming a sort of pleasure exchange or central palace of pleasure, in which the several parts should be independent, yet under one roof and one general management.

The first consideration was safety to the spectators. This is gained in the accepted plan by a structure entirely composed of iron, brick, terra-cotta, and stone. The chairs of the amphitheatre will be iron, as well as the huge flying arches that span it, 172 feet in the clear, between walls 200 feet apart, the arena itself being 128 feet broad and 350 feet long. The fittings of shops for flower merchants on the Twenty-sixth Street side, under the seats, will be iron. Brick and iron will compose the stabling arrangements in the basement on the Twenty-seventh Street side and on Fourth Avenue, while hot and cold air will ventilate and warm this part, keeping all unpleasant odors from the auditorium. On Madison and Fourth avenues the exits will be liberal, and others are arranged on the side streets, so that in case of panic the amphitheatre can be emptied quickly. The theatre, ingeniously located across the angle of the corner of Madison Square and Twenty-seventh Street, on the ground-floor, at the suggestion of Mr. Mead, will be built throughout of incombustible materials, will have an iron curtain for the stage and broad exits in several directions. The concert hall, in the Fourth Avenue end, on the second floor, has similar features, excepting the stage curtain of iron; care has been taken to manage the hall and stairways so that the audience can depart quickly without danger.

The next consideration was how to fit the following places of amusement into the square bounded by the two avenues and two streets in such a way as to secure their independence of each other as regards exits and entrances: 1, amphitheatre to seat 5000; 2, theatre, 2000; 3, concert hall, 1600; 4, summer garden, 1500; 5, ballroom; 6, supper-room; 7, restaurant; 8, shops; 9, stables; 10, studios; 11, belvedere.

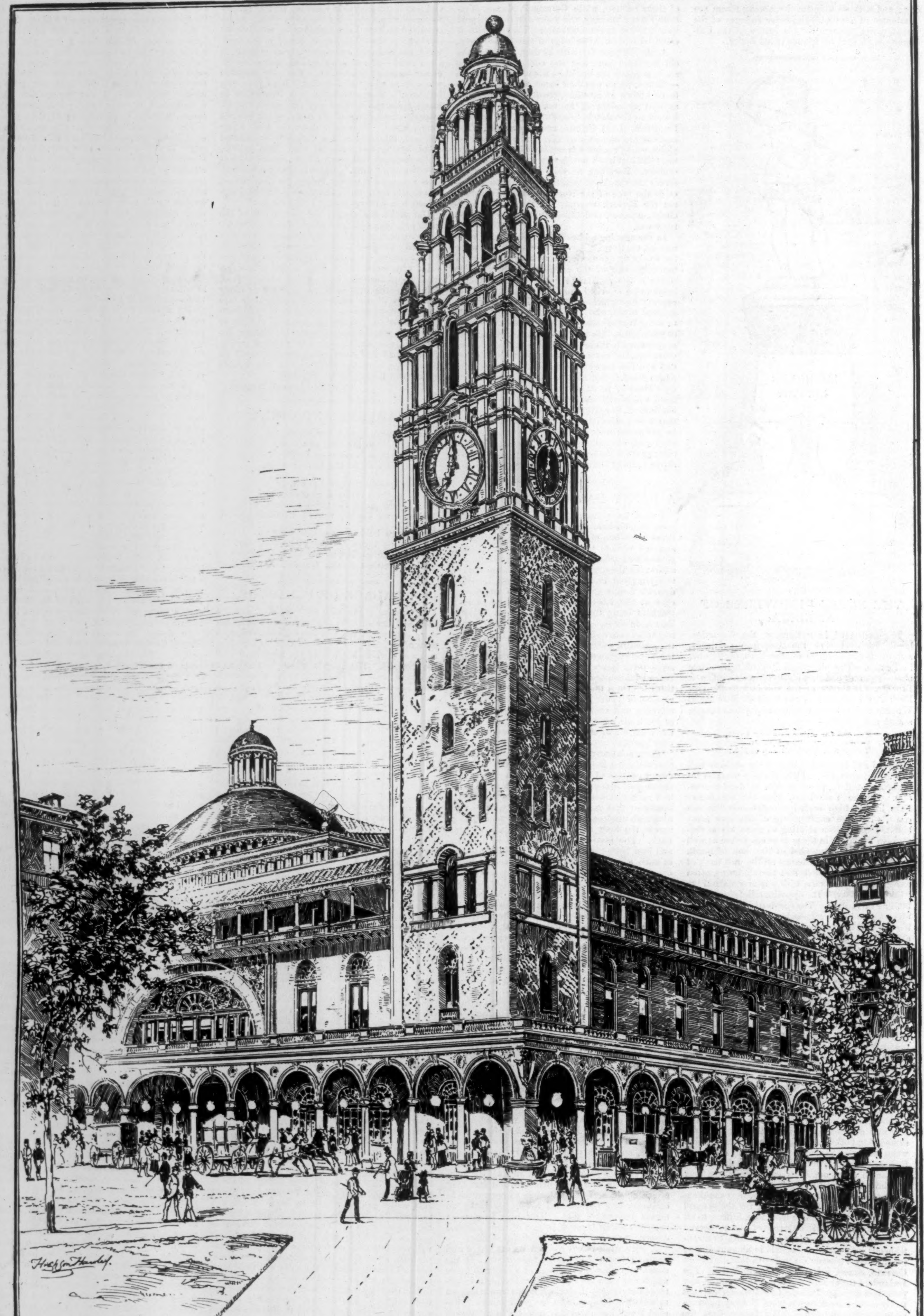
The problem of apportioning the space to eleven different purposes has been solved very happily. It will be seen that the amphitheatre as it is controls the new design, only it has been restricted so far as the lobbies on Fourth and Madison avenues are concerned in order to obtain fine and safe approaches. The theatre, with a stage 40 feet by 40, is on the left of the Madison Avenue entrance; the ballroom, overhead, on the level of the family circle of the theatre; the concert hall is 60 feet by 120, and lies on Fourth Avenue, having a stage 28 feet by 40, suitable for private theatricals; the summer garden is on the roof, covers 2000 square feet, has its own kitchen, a space that can be enclosed with glass in winter, and a stage 30 by 30 feet. The ballroom will have at its north end a grand stairway giving access to the galleries where spectators can sit, as well as to the dressing-rooms and supper-room. The restaurant is on the same floor, toward Twenty-sixth Street, and has its own kitchen and offices. The shops and stables have been mentioned already. The studios will probably be omitted. There remains the belvedere.

To the look of the building, and it may be added, to the appearance of the city when one reaches Madison Square, the tower will be all-important. It is the feature which will raise the edifice itself from a handsome low structure with a good deal of cleverness and taste displayed in its several parts, to an ornament to a city that needs beautiful buildings very much. Yet it does not exist for ornamental purposes alone by any means, for one-half may be said to be needed to carry the four elevators that shall convey the crowds to the roof and restaurant, and the upper part of the tower will bring in an income as a lookout, whence the whole city, New Jersey, Long Island, and Staten Island can be seen. This tower will be 300 feet to the weather vane. It will fill the very point in the townscape as viewed from the intersection of Broadway and Fifth Avenue where a tall mass of architecture is needed, while in the general profile of the city, as viewed from the Palisades or the farther bank of the East River, such a tower will tell with a grace, and indeed a magnificence all its own.

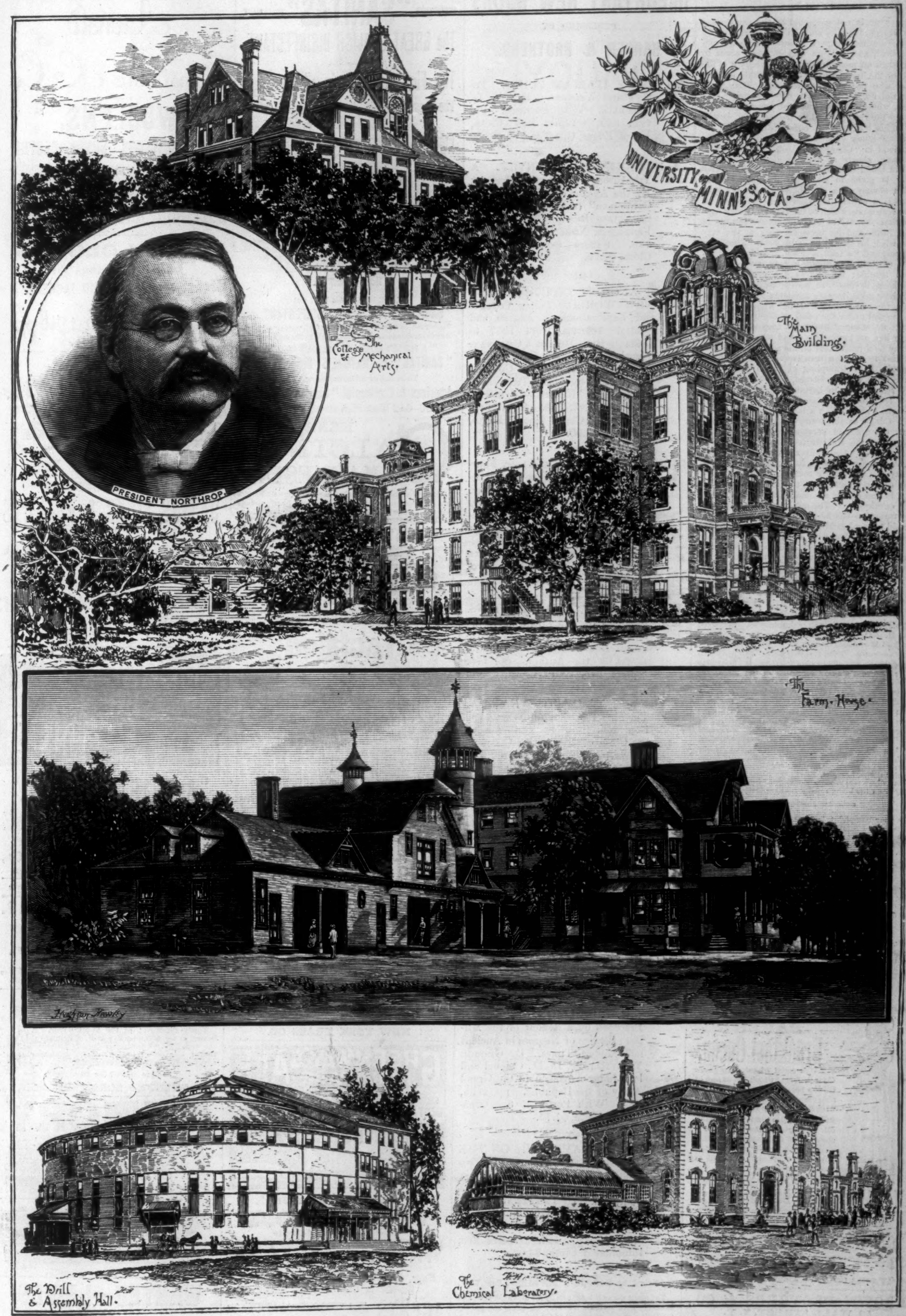
In design, the tower for the new Madison Square Garden recalls Italian and Spanish campaniles. The richness of the shafting on the lantern, and two stories below the lantern, gives it a Spanish touch. The disposition of the narrow, round-arched windows of the main shaft recalls Italian precedents. But the writer does not remember any tower just like this, nor is it probable that the architects have followed anything save the spirit of the age which produced the richer sort of campaniles in Spain and Italy. The clock faces may be considered a necessity, but it must be owned that, however useful, they detract from the beauty of the whole, and it may be also questioned whether it would not improve the tower to make that story which carries the clock faces of the same brick-work as the lower part. This would sacrifice the columns of that story entirely, but give broader spaces, restful to the eye, to the main shaft. The whole would gain by an effect of greater weight and importance. Should the clock faces be then retained, they would harmonize better with the surrounding brick-work than with the columns. As it is, they have the look of being pasted on the columns, and while it is easy to find in great European work precedents for just this thing, it remains, nevertheless, a feature which is fairly questionable.

Such details as these, however, are certainly within the power of architects to settle one way or another as the building proceeds. The gentlemen who are carrying out the scheme of a pleasure palace at Madison Square Garden are too able not to allow their architects a good deal of leeway in matters of detail, knowing as they do that their reputation for taste as well as that of the city is at stake. The next great feature of the exterior is the arcade which runs almost entirely round the building, and in our brilliant atmosphere will give the heavy shadows which are so charming in similar structures at Rome, Turin, and other Italian cities. The arcade carries a broad balcony, which will undoubtedly be used for open-air speaking, and, as a general thing, serve as promenade for the guests of ballroom and restaurant. Near the roof is a long *loggia* repeating the note of the arcade, but with flat instead of arched openings. The windows looking out of the broad balcony have the Roman arch.

There remains to speak of the general appearance of the building, a matter of very high importance often neglected in business buildings under the stress of other considerations besides looks. There will be some stone used, especially in the lower story, but too little to count for much. Brick and terra-cotta, in shades of yellow and gray, will give the key to the color of the building. The long flat speckled brick similar to that in ancient walls in Rome, a yellowish brick, and terra-cotta, are the three materials used. The result will be a liveliness as compared with ordinary materials used in our city which will suit very well the purpose of the structure. When we add to the rich effects of the architecture itself, the arcade, loggias, and columned lantern of the tower, the banners and electric lights which will enliven the exterior, there will be no need to tell a stranger who debouches on Madison Square what building that is which rears its beautiful tower above the trees.


Hughson Hawley.

THE BUILDING TO BE ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.
From the Plans of the Architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White.—[See Page 807.]


UNIVERSITY of MINNESOTA.
The College of Mechanical Arts.
PRESIDENT NORTHROP.
The Main Building.
The Farm House.
Hughson Hawley
The Drill & Assembly Hall.
The Chemical Laboratory.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.—From Photographs.—[See Page 806.]

AN ACCIDENT AT MOUNTED DRILL.

Infantry is not subjected to the same risks in drill as are cavalry and artillery. The trooper may be the most expert of horsemen in the riding-school, and still an accident may occur to him when on mounted drill. Generally it is the fault of the horse, who makes a stumble, and the rider, who has not expected any mishap, goes over the horse's head. A very old stager of a horse, who knows his business, has as quick an ear for the trumpet call as has his rider, is well up in his business, but occasionally he will become as much excited as is his master. The command is "Charge," and off goes the whole company, slowly at first, holding their horses well in hand, when the speed is quickened. An order is given to wheel to the right or left, and a clumsy or a slow horse gets in the way, there is a carom, and over goes the object of least resistance, which is the rider. It may happen that the day is hot, and the trooper not in good form, and he becomes dizzy at the very time when he should be at his best. Then over he goes, and "a man is down." A horse under such conditions, without a man, seldom gives much trouble; he follows the company, and will keep in line. In novels treating of wars and their many terrible incidents romancists are often fond of telling how the wounded soldier is trampled under the hoofs of the horses. Such things do occur at times, but they are rare. A horse has an instinctive dread of a fallen man. It may be a tenderness on his part; but he does his best to evade a man stretched prone on the ground. Such trampling of fallen men might occur when artillery horses, unable to pick their way from being in harness, inflict wounds on men lying on the ground. In a stampede of animals, which is like a human panic, such horrible things as the trampling on men do happen. Officers and surgeons on field-days are always on the lookout for men who have left their saddles. Generally the accidents are but slight, because troopers, from a thorough course of exercise, have their thews and muscles in the best condition, and how to fall without being hurt is one of the accomplishments of the perfect cavalryman. The greatest change in cavalry trappings has been in the throwing aside of the old form of saddles—those in use before the civil war. To-day, with a better seat, accidents to mounted men are rare, and the advantage is double, not only to the trooper, but to the horse; for, save under exceptional circumstances, a cavalryman ought never to have a galled horse.

AT PEACE.

A stomach in revolt is an obdurate rebel. Corrected with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, its dissensions with the food introduced into it in unwary moments of appetite ceases. Then it is at peace. Then dyspepsia abandons its grip. Then such fractious manifestations as heartburn, a sinking sensation in the pit of the abdomen between meals and unnatural fulness afterwards, flatulence, acid gulpings, biliousness, etc., cease to inflict martyrdom. After a course of the national tonic and alterative, the liver and bowels, always more or less disordered during a prolonged attack of indigestion, resume their functions and become regular. Thus not only dyspepsia, but its concomitants, constipation and biliousness, are conquered by the medicine, which remedies their fruitful cause, weakness of the organs of digestion. The epigastric nerve, cellular tissue, in short, every organ that bears a part in the digestive processes, acquires vigor and regularity from the benign invigorant.—[*Adv.*]

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of Angostura Bitters half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
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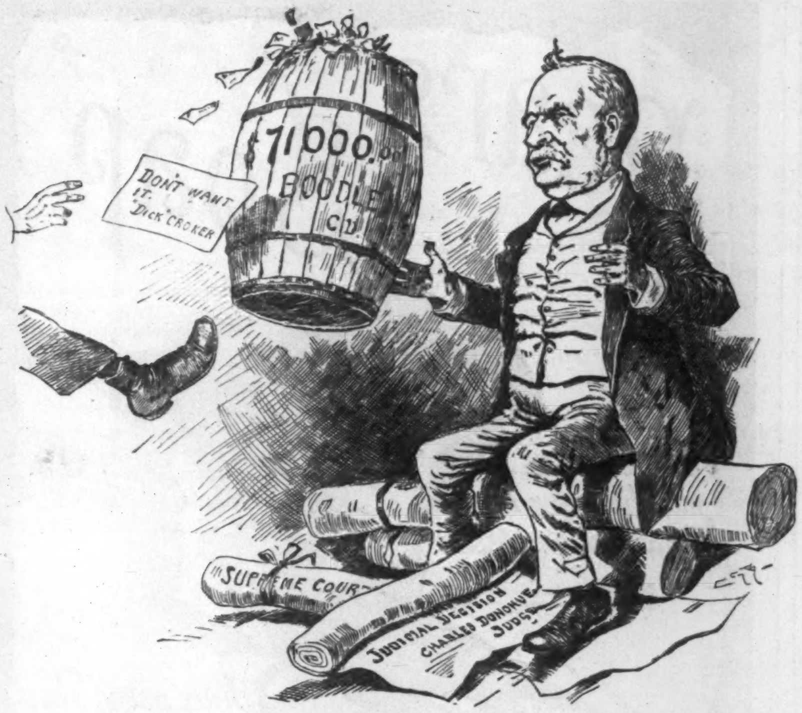

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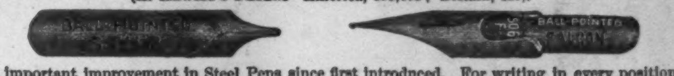

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